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THIRTY LONG YEARS.

BY DR. C. D. GARDETTE.

"Thirty long years!" How true the ship from port,
Her sails worn as white as the ocean spray!
If man carried a chart of a destined voyage,
My Archie went out in her, mate, that day.

I stood in the "Lazaretto" a long, long, while,
Till the speck was lost in the furthest sky;
And the light-house beam still, with a kindly smile,
"I see her, my girl, in the foul moon's eye.

She's a tight old craft, and never yet free,
For Archie's a seaman from stem to stern;
He'll keep her true to her course, no fear,
True to her course by a wireless-urn.

Oh my a matter of sixty days,
Sixty, or ninety a little more,
And you'll see the old ship again "in sight,"
Rolling "alumni" off yonder shore.

"There! you're a sailor's lass, you know;
God 'a on the ocean by day and night;
So now, be hearty, and go home,
While I clear the lantern and trim the light.

Thirty long years, it was, to-day,
Since from the lantern I went, that night;
Leaving my spoken to dismiss away,
Leaving my seamen to trim the light.

Thirty long years I've looked in vain
For the speck to rise from the farther sea;
Never, oh! never my eyes again
Shall gaze on my Archie, nor his on me!

Yesterday, one with a foreign accent
Told me a terrible tale of woe.
My vessel found on a desert island,
Wrecked there, thirty long years ago.

Captives seized, and beaten all have,
A skeleton ship and a skeleton crew
Lay on the sands in the bright, dry sun.
Vessel and merchants well I knew!

I am a woman of single years now,
With a silvered head and a shaking hand;
Archie has waits on that fatuous shore!
Yes, "God's on the ocean as well as the land!"

NORWOOD;

OR,

VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by HENRY WARD BEECHER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER XLIII.

BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER.—BEYWOOD'S LETTER CONTINUED.

"April 16.—Arrived in Charleston on Sunday, by Gov. Pickens, that he had word from the government in Washington, that provisions are to be sent to Fort Sumter at all hazards, and that he has communicated the same to his government at Montgomery. There is great excitement. I urged the plan already mentioned. Anderson cannot hold out more than three days. Pickens will give the fort their hands full as soon as anybody can. Should a bloodshed be needed for some political purpose, I cannot imagine a reason for bombarding Sumter. Meantime the city swarms with troops arriving with every train, while those hitherto ranging here have been distributed to the forts and batteries. Business is almost dead. It seems like a military holiday. The current for secession and a Southern Republic rushes like a mighty stream. Nothing can stop it, and nothing resists. It amounts, if not to a phrensy, yet to an irresistible enthusiasm. Every one is exhilarated. The most extravagant anticipations prevail of the future of this new empire. Last night I heard several of the leading men and members of affairs discussing the prospect. 'Bombard the fort—smash the State prerogative,' was the shouting aloud. The government at Washington cannot do less than that to threaten coercion. The first step in that direction will be every where considered a declaration of war.

"The conflict begins, even the border States will move to this side. Against such a front no war will ever be made.' Turning to me, one of the gentlemen said: 'You shrink at the shedding of blood. It is not known in the laws of a few lives, and the consolidation thereby of fifteen States, at present one, what by compromising to go at length into a conflict which, through self-defense, is inevitable. It will be over in a week and it may be thousands of lives.' Even humanity would prefer it.

"I replied: 'I think, gentlemen, that you mistake the feeling of the North. I do not. If the flag is fired upon there will be war. If there is war, you must prepare yourselves for a long and terrible one. The South will not yield easily. The North will be even more resolute.'

"Some of the gentlemen were curious to know more of the position of the North, which I gave, but the majority laughed to scorn the idea of Northern feeling. They said that a thousand picked men they could march from Charleston to Washington, that there were more in number in the South who would prefer them than would fight, and that, in short, no war bones would be established. The dancing broke up, and as we walked together I said again and with warmth and speed that I thought to use his influence to prevent actual hostilities. I know not why, but my sentiments plainly disclosed, I am not sure that I made a favorable impression upon those who are in the most secondary principles of the movement. I do not like it. He replied: 'My dear Beywood, I honor you, I honor your fidelity in your convictions, and I do not wonder that your opinions respecting the North. Yet, you are Southern, and you will be obliged to join us. Events will press stronger than such wills.'

"But not, I trust, than men's principles.'

"All honest men agree in principles. It is by the opposition of principles that crusses a difference of opinion upon public affairs. For instance: You believe in justice, and so do I. But what is just? That is the question between the North and South. We believe in humanity. But which is the surest way of being humane? Sometimes forbearance will constitute humanity. Sometimes aggression is more humane than peace. To fire upon Sumter will prevent a civil war. You think not. It is not a difference of principles, but of judgment. You believe that the happiness of the population will be promoted by united national life. We believe that two nations are better than one. We agree as to the principle, but the duty of seeking the happiness of the people. We differ as to means only. I say that you are one of us. I mean that your sympathies are with the land of your birth. Events are transpiring that will drive the issue, and all men will have to choose sides. The time is close at hand. It will be impossible for you, when you see how the rupture cannot be prevented, to take sides against your father and kindred, against your State, against all your associations, against the South and all its glorious future! Your honor and your affection will compel the right course. And it is this certainty which induces me to confide in you.'

"He then laid open to me the whole inside view, and I confess that my heart sank within me, as he dosed, and I felt a deep compassion that the nation was rent in twain.

"There are, said he, 'among the active and influential men in the South three classes. First, are the old politicians, who have lived on secession, and threaten it only to secure for the South certain further concessions which shall prolong its political power. Second, are those of real selfish men. They foresee nothing and plan nothing except office and personal and party power.

"Next is the great middle class, containing the active young men, and most of the families of wealth throughout the South. They threaten secession and even consummate it, with a thinner understanding among themselves that it is the shortest road to a reconstructed Union. They all hold to the undisputed superstition of a single Southern nation occupying South as organized, and its government recognized. Such a nation will begin a process of disintegration of the Northern Union, and of the absorption of its parcicles by the Southern Union. One by one the Northwestern States will dissolve their connection with their government, and come into our new combination. Pennsylvania will not be long in following. New York will not consent to be her commercial port to Baltimore and Charleston. New England, which has been the thunder of the continent, may smoulder and go to ashes among her own rocks. We will have no more to do with the men will emigrate, marry and conform to the customs of the South. We will be planters, and as little heard of as Nova Scotia or Newfoundland.'

"The third class is the only one that has a clear and distinct plan and principle. All the others are drifting and catching at accidents, and hoping for lucky events. But we have a definite end in view. We mean to establish a Southern Confederacy, capable if possible to maintain to which Slavery can proffer silly cries. We mean to retain the control of the States. We don't want them. Free and Slave States cannot live together. What is the use of a divorce, if one turns right about and marries the three over again? No. We are for immediate separation; for the establishment of a national government, with a new, harmonious, and powerful people to rule. We want no war. If let alone we will be peaceful. We are confident that the South is powerful and fervent to separate, and independent, and that the North is sparing up their relations between it and the North.'

"I inquired:

"'How can you speak with such confidence of these matters when you are but a minority, and that the two other classes constitute the wealth and the intelligence of the South?'

"Because, in a revolution, the men who stand still are powerless. Those men who purpose energetic action will take the control of affairs. In peace, conservatives—and, in revolution, reactionists—are the masters. Besides, when the Montgomery united secession, South Carolina forced them to it. This glorious State is governed by a few men who know what they are aiming at, and who can bring their movements about with advantage. All the rest are mere waiters upon time.'

"'Do you mean that President Davis did not plan secession?'

"'He belonged to the second class of whom I spoke. He was opposed to secession. He would have been bribed easily to maintain the Union.'

"'Yes, with the offer of the Presidency of it. An ambitious obstinacy can make a man very strong. A wise manager of common affairs, but not a man to control movements of great consequence. He stated incidentally that starvation was the weapon of coercion. I caught at this sentence. It seemed a ray of light and hope. I urged the Governor to communicate it to his Government. In due time came from Secretary Walker, at Montgomery, the permission, 'We do not desire needlessly to bombard Fort Sumter.' Major Anderson will enter the time at which, as indicated by him, he will evacuate, and agree that in the meantime he will not use his guns against us, unless ours should be used against Fort Sumter, you are free to avoid the effusion of blood. If this or its equivalent be refused, you are to regard your judgment decided to be most practicable.'

"I was overjoyed at the response. At the Governor's request I was joined to the gentlemen of the commissioner's staff who were then alighted to visit the fort. One thing I could not understand. Sumter occupied expected to open fire before morning! Why should it not? Was there some trick in the message?

"So confident was I that peace would be preserved, that I leisurely thumbed over the crowds in the streets of Charleston, who, aware of the imminent bombardment, filled the public

ITEM BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER.

ways as on a holiday, gaily dressed, exuberant in spirits, as if the city were one vast weddingday. I saw Governor Pickens, the Rhett and Keitt Battery streets, and the Whitepoint garden, waiting to be spectators of a nation's funeral. The sun was gone down. The reflected light quivered on the waters, as if they were stained with blood. I know not why my confidence increased. Something whispered to me, 'Be cheerful.' I was glad, as I left the chattering crowd, 'Reap all the darkness which the night brings; you shall see no flames to-night!' Yet my heart was heavy. I was experiencing probably the recession of long excitement. It was past midnight when I went out on the boat, and it was full one o'clock when we reached the fort.

"On approaching the posters we were challenged, but after a few minutes' delay, permitted to land and enter the fort. We were then shown at our party were Major Lace, Col. Wigfall, Gov. A. Pryor, Senator Chesnut, and others.

"The written message was delivered to Major Anderson:

"'If you will state the time at which you will evacuate Fort Sumter, and agree that in the meantime you will not use your guns against us unless ours shall be employed against Fort Sumter, we will abstain from opening fire upon you.'

"Major Anderson was surrounded by his officers—all of young men. He seemed about fifty—his hair touched with gray; his manner was in much confusion. Unasserted manner lay upon the ground; material for various purposes was heaped up. It was now the morning of the 13th.—Friday. Major Anderson said that on Monday, the 15th, three days hence, he should be compelled to evacuate the fort. He accordingly committed to writing, and delivered to us the proposition. He was meanwhile to receive from the controlling instructions from his government. If not, on Monday noon, at twelve o'clock, we leave the fort.

"The messenger of my party retired to a corner for consultation. I was overjoyed at the happy termination of this dangerous matter. I congratulated Major Anderson and his officers, and we all shook hands. I was sure that the Southern counsels would bring brighter days to the country.

"After about fifteen minutes, the gentlemen of the Confederate Provisional Forces of the United States, we have the honor to notify you that we will open the fire of his batteries on Fort Sumter in one hour from this time.'

"I was astonished. I earnestly believed my senses. My first impulse was that of utter indignation at the breach of faith. I was ready to have said so to the messenger in a conflict. Doubtless they had hoped that the evacuation would be a surrender of all these forces would be a decent preface for refusing to wait.

"They were ungodly in their own trap. Only three days were demanded. Why not wait? Why not take the fort, and not be reduced in less than that time, and possibly not for a week, if blood was wanted. It was necessary to arouse the South.

"I could not express my excitement. 'This is shameful! I protest against it!' I was the point of calling back to remain in the fort, and to take part with its garrison in defending its flag! But what could I do, untrained, and ignorant of war, except to occasion provisions already wasted to its sustenance? With a heavy heart, bitter and resentful, I turned away and left the ramparts. My indignation kept me silent. We soon landed. It was already noon morning. The coal was changing, and a faint twilight came stealing over the harbor, every moment growing brighter. You have noticed that at no moment of the day has light such a virgin effect as between twilight and sun-rise. Everything has a freshness, an unworn and pure look, as if it had just been created. I stood silent, for I would not go with the gentlemen of his staff to report to Beauregard. A light dim of me by along the side of the fort, and I felt that within that silver setting the water lay dark and palpitating. And as the bosom rose somewhere about up from the water, which lapped its very base on every side. How serene and sweet it looked! How beautifully the morning bright-ened around it, though as yet the sun was down below the sea!

"I had a fine view of the roof of a mortar a little behind me. One of its white smoke rose, with great suddenness, a bomb that hushed through the air and burst right above the fort! 'Caned be the name of the Lord that men! My God!' exclaimed one of the watch, and a disgraceful death! I did not know that it was my own flag that broke the breeze. Edmund Rollin it was, an old man, with white hair flowing down in profusion over his shoulders, and was now dying with his eyes bright with an excitement either of fear or loyalty.

"This single shot given, there was a dead pause for a moment or two. A flock of wild duck, startled from their feeding ground, flew whirling along the face of the water, and were lost behind the fort. The peace was gone! This thought further was changed as a volcano! Bursting forth from around its sides came tongues of fire, wrapped in smoke, and the air was crowded with missiles converging from every side and meeting in Sumter! Now that the cooler was on fire it flamed incessantly. Guns followed guns —battery responded to battery, and the whole city trembled with the explosions. I was fascinated. I could not withdraw. I wished to see the fort deliver its fire. It stood silent. Did the guns sleep?

"As the sun flamed above the horizon and shot its bright rays into the waters, up rose the flag from the fort, gracefully circling in its upmost height, and waved out its folds, as if it were now up to look out over the troubled scene and command peace. Still no gun from the fort replied. Two hours of bombarding, and not a shot in return! But it swung in the morning, a cheer from the lower tier of guns gave notice that the fort would return the compliment. In an hour its shot began to fall around me. I retreated within the battery, and then, with a heart nearly, I determined to make my way back to the city. My heart was with the heavily manned battling for the flag against five thousand!

"The Confederate flag and the palmetto were flying together over the forts. My soul sported down! I felt that I was among enemies. A roar went on. As I drew near the city, I began to hear the church bells ringing while yet I rode. Crowds everywhere lined the wharves, filled the streets, covered the roofs and the balconies and houses. The people had been out all night! Thousands thronged the air with their cries, returning to their hours. But the first sound of a gun, the distant boom had called them. They would think that the bombling of the national flag was the news joyous occasion in the world. Were not with excitement and want of sleep, and fatigue and indignation, I quenched myself and would hide myself from the sight of the people. I heard the rumble of the heavy guns, the explosion, or in valves, filled the air with their deadly, silent shudder. I sought my room, and could not find into a feverish sleep. The noise of the city still resounded in my ears, and, mixed in the phantasms of sleep, helped to disorder my imaginations. I awoke, and all was still. Wearied, and overcome with King Sleep, when Doctor Wentworth entered, and told me that he brought word from Sumter, that the fort was burned crumbling and falling part by part with terrible ruin, and I—must arise to aid! I started up from such disturbed visions. All the afternoon the conflagration continuing filled every part of the city with its sound. Every fire of black smoke rolled up into the air. It was on fire! Its guns fired but infrequently. Every time this smoke rolled up I went down cautiously through the glass to see if the flag still waved. The sun went down upon it by night, but at intervals of fifteen minutes, the consolation went up. Again and again I was expected to redress the fort in a few hours seemed discouraged at this protracted endurance.

"The morning came, and with its first full light the fire from the fort in a different mode was opened in color, Johnson on the south, Cumming's Point on the east, Moultrie on the north, and the floating battery on the west, together with the mortar batteries on Sullivan's. As far as I could discern, the walls of Sumter had suffered little. No breach appeared. The barbette guns were knocked away. But though they were the heaviest, they had never been used. The besiegers aimed to sweep them with such a fire, that the men could not work them. Again the smoke rolled up from the fort, and flames could be seen. It had never been used. A continuous stream of red hot shot upon the devoted fort. It was a terrible sight. The firing ceased. Sarah were pouring off to the fort. By one o'clock it the noise of the guns had ceased. I had not remembered! It was true. On Sunday noon, the very day which Anderson had promised the fort.

"If the week days were jubilant, how shall I describe the Sabbath? The churches were thronged with excited citizens. In many of these all *rectorials* was thrown off, and the worshipping and rejoicing for the victory were overflowing like summer winds. I went to my own church, and heard Rev. Dr. Gadsden. The decorum of the service, which is a harbour against irreverent excitement, was not in occasion, a great purpose. Yet, strange to say, some good lessons for the day occurred to me. I was reminded in my own like a prophecy, and full of warning and doom. It was this: 'Prepare war, wake up the mighty men; let them come

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up. Rest your ploughshares into swords, and your pruning hooks into spears; the war is coming, I am strong. Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision; for the day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision."

"As I came from Shanghaesh, a month was blue, and I heard the sound of cannon. I wished me equality to the point, and fled to cling to me through my glass, the flag of the second free-forest-land. The wind was in the sails of me—faster opened I. We can still be of help to the old of the two days past. Let us all to the rear and battle of the two days past. Let us battle to that which is the most funny day could precede the raising again of this flag over this fallen fortress. Send word on in the land of God!

"To-morrow I shall bid farewell to them un-happy scenes. I go to Richmond, and thence to Petersburg, which I ever see forward again I know not why my spirits sink so low. I am full at forebodings. Probably weakness and fatigue are reasons enough. But over the future hangs a dark cloud which I would that I could pierce and know what it hides! Should I never see old friends again, I would not willingly be forgotten of them—for I am never forgot. And so, Nave-Well-

"Yon Brynwood."

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE ASSOCIATES.

The March winds had blown themselves out. Balmy April had set in. Over all New England, the signs of the new season were unmistaking. Sap-wood was flowing freely, and the bursting buds and maple orchards were filled with sounds of industry.

The dull gray of the uppermost ledges in cheerful sunsh was touching in a really warm way. Peach-blossom buds were swelling fast. The willows already shook their tassels in the wind. The air, the creek, the rested hunters and their ferocious hounds it ensured to rejoice in the breeding of winter. Cattle roamed restlessly against fences to free the cold coats and grow plain to the sun. The lambs owned the fields, the palaces of love. The dairy women cries, "Sookhow yellow the butter is to-day!" Yes," says the herdsman. "the cows have been turned on the moist pasture, and found early grass."

The coast are yoked and the plow is set a-going. Bluebirds follow the furrow and pick for grubs. The redwinged blackbird in the swamp sounds its warbler—a cross between a cackle and a whistle. No more lies! no more snow! Cold winds are released from the north, and new-dropped lambs shiver, and drinking drives cattle in sheltered nooks, from March breath.

But, ah! the south is propitious! The sun is ascending from the south, and bringing with him all treasures. Look! do you see those dark specks in the south glorious and real-ing? They are harvests when the sun is driving forward—old quails, purple grapes, golden corn, and wheat. Full of gifts is the sun-beam, on earth's down to the sunset when every one of them from the south. It is the threshold to the orchard, just come from its southern home. It comes to the home treasure. The south sends sweet songs of love and smell of flowers, and the soft breath of summer, every drop of which is like a planted seed. Oh, gorgeous south! whose gifts are manner round the whole year, to thee fly our hearts in autumn; and thence again, bound and re-fledged, they come to us in spring! From thee come new life and joy. From thee the bird, the mother of all good; and far from thy fields he sings his soul and sorrow—from thy fields he flies to thee!

On the morning of April 12th, there came from the south other gifts! Not sunlight, or the flights of birds, or the flowers of Carolina, but a field cloud, sounding and dreadful, proclaiming to the nation that war had begun!

When the telegraph shot the news of the bombardment of Fort Sumter through every State, men held their breath. They could scarcely understand. Like those suddenly evoked, taken by an innumerable grief, they stood silent, listening, waiting for something to occur.

"It is a dream! It is not true!" As the day wore on, a sharp curiosity roused itself in every mind. How fares the conflict? Will the fort capitulate itself and silence the besiegers? How far, an impression had crept through the public mind that fort Sumter invincible. It was the key to all the guns in the Eagle's talons. Whoever will bend for the moment in the political gale battle may not be resisted, but nothing can, with circumstances, she will arise again the bolder and guide the ship!

No one believed war possible. So long had peace brooded that it seemed a dream. Men were used to fiery conflicts of politics, and threats, and predictions of disaster and ruin, but the eyes of a vanquished party the country is always refined. Intense entertainment is the characteristic of our national life. But free speech had always proved a safety-valve to popular passion. Men waxed hot, raged and denounced; then, as after a thunder storm, every spear-head and fang was in a clearer sky and purer air!

Though it had year by year been threatened; though the threats grew stronger as the election of Mr. Lincoln approached, though the fact of secession was accomplished, and seven States threw off their allegiance to the federal government; though South Carolina day and night was calling Fort Sumter with bullets, and gorged at three, by the thousand, were hoping up the sands of the shore that the dull, forebodings of the lighthouses had been darkened, the keepers of Southern harbors removed, public sentiment North had been seized, and sworn public offices after office had passed treasonous oaths, the ominous apothehaus of the people and the security lured by long peace, prevented them from believing before that there could be war!

Even when the bombardment left at April, it was known that Sumter had surrendered. The action fell from men's eyes!

Treason was war!

The flag of the Nation had been pierced by men who had been taught from their infancy to do its protection! The nation's pride, its love, its honor suffered with that flag, and the shock was to humiliation!

Without current, or control, the whole people rose suddenly with one indignation to vindicate the Nation's honor. It came at night comes of the morning—broad as a hemisphere. It rose in the blue color the whole ocean, along the whole continent, drawn upward by the whole heavens!

The frivolous became solemn; the wild grew stern; the young felt an instant manhood.

It was the strangest Sunday that ever dawned on Norwood since the colonial days when, by reason of hostile Indians, the fathers repaired to church with their muskets! All the region round about came forth. Never had such assemblages gathered in that house. Every face had its watch, a new life. Dr. Snell was at once silenced into his Sabbath services which should be forgotten, he did he more to engage his habit to-day.

Mr. Brownfield, and on thrones which usually are considered necessaries that all others, yet rendered light and empty in such cars. Dan had never preached with so much difficulty. He lost the connection of parts, the power when should have been deliberate, and afterwards would that he was before a public gathering with a sermon.

It was in the prayer following that the storm burst forth. A mighty cloc rose within him, and he poured out his soul for the country. He prayed for the Government, for the men in Washington, who had come to their high civil duties in the fiery furnace, for the flag, and for all its authority, that they might have wisdom and courage to vindicate it!

The hearers was still—so still that the ear noted between every pause. The word Amen was not enough to make the desire of every one, he never felt so sorry before that I hadn't a house and lot boys.

Ann Polly for once was loud and free in her talk. She had come from Dale to the Lord's work. Glad that I, a little good to him! Glad that I, a little good to know the country! My grandchildren are the only ones that I can claim to be my children, to make powder on, to fight for and die for! Glad that I, one old woman, can say that's him' yonder shook when they heard them cannon jar! Never I'll be glad that I'm among themselves."

The young population seemed to be in the street! Neon formed groups and discussed the one only topic. Some were for immediate action. There was an afternoon service, but it was like a dream. In the evening, the people broke into channels, and no relief in action. A few days passed. Volunteers were called for. Recruiting came up in "Rendezvous," as a poor neighborhood was called, in which the enlisted men were drawing boxes would have his say." I allus said you the old country would be a-coming to us on. Now I hope they're satisfied. They've been more mad and waving! Now they've got their hands, and now the South has turned and gored them. Served 'em right!"

"I tell'ye, old leather-cheeks," said Ithran Rowe, "you'll better shut up. I can't hold, and I'll be sent to hear such talk. You'll get hurt afore you go through a single engagement with that tongue."

"Where's the man that's goin' to stop my talk?" said Polly, fiercely. "I'll like to see him! I'll call him a liar to his face!"

Jonathan Rowe, who saw that trouble was brewing, called the old woman to him, and put in his knowledge was as deep and desirous as his master, and among the extraordinary of the times and soldier in a long Sunday under the horse-shoe. "Why the old man's coming down his wagon, bristling all over, like a buck and his horns, and the old woman's a-following, and gave his nose a keen cut under his belly, there I'll be a-ready to help him."

Hunt knew he was operating in his wagon, and the horse was heeding for home with the unbecoming a sabbath-day. The old man, though quite unconscious of the presence of any at a loss which he was most angry with, the South for their treason or Polly for her out-of-season railing, and thus shaking his left fist back at the crowd, he brandished his right in the air in a medley of attachments, which, addressed impartially to both, was extraordinary and unintelligible.

The sun had gone down. Every household in town had received its share of the news of the day's moment. That night prayer was a reality! Never the Lord's Day—a conflagration of every church had his mph anplications for the country. Never before had the Nation been so near to heaven, and join so fervently in prayer themselves. Men who had been indifferent to the public welfare in the presence of an immeasurable danger! Men who had lived for the world, and not for God, till they felt the bonds of the great Republic in their own grip to the Ruler of the Universe!

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

BY ARY BLANCHARD.

It was about seven o'clock, of a chill November evening, and raining hard.

"Just my luck!" muttered Jay—a dull, steadfast, uncompromising sort of rain; and when, at sunset, he had left the counting-room of the publishing house, declining a breezy rim of light, a cough, and a sneeze, he had hoped that the storm would let out, on the contrary, the breezy rim died away in a dull, dark mist, and the breeze changed into a sweep, while the wind, sighing heavily through the dripping branches of the trees, seemed to be the melancholy of the scene.

Jay Hunter was a fine figure visible in the gloomy lamplessness—that of Mark Tidworthy, the managing by the name, who, with a cigar in his mouth, plodded upward through rain, and mist, and darkness.

"Wouldn't have caught me in this scrape if I hadn't been a confounded fool," Jay thought, as he muttered to himself. "These short cuts across the grass plots are the very devil—one gets wet feet! exactly certain about his way. But, then, one must have rubbers sometimes, and this time one must have rubbers sometimes, and this time one must have rubbers sometimes, and this time

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I'M AGAIN WITH MY TRUE LOVE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

WARY, weary, weary wallow
Through the day and through the night,
For her vainly I entice wooing,
For her blue eyes' loving light!
Ah! are all her vows forgotten,
Vainer she hearkens to my moan, so deep
Where the vulgar worries scorning,
Where the world's cold sneers sweep?

Does the question—She is faithful?
Faith shall never be a word
Yet to smile shall give new sunlight,
Yet new strength to my heart's
Motion, measured by its pulses!
Yet new power to sing my song!
O, I see her faithful—faithful!
I'm again with my true love!

SUCH HORRID RED HAIR!

BY MARY GREEN HALPINE.

"That is enough, Mr. Bray," said Susan Brown, tartly. "My hand is not mercantile, to be bartered away for gold."

"If you will hear us through, Miss Susan," said the old lawyer, gently, "you will be better able to judge. It is but entirely optional, as you will see."

Again Mr. Bray looked over upon the roll of paper he held in his hand.

"In case the desirable opportunity has been had for acquaintance, and the parties in question decide to marry, the estate is to be settled on the children between yourself and Gerald Ray. Edward may be as averse as you. When he comes to understand, as he will, that you are willing, and can, do double, he able to focus some satisfactory arrangement."

"But I refuse to listen. I won't consent to be treated like a piece of property. Is this a case of Jezebel at present?"

"Very well. In that case you have only three hundred a year, and only the full control of that when you reach eighty."

"It is immaterial. I have a good education, and can support myself."

Mr. Bray looked annoyed. Parchment-like as he was in appearance, he had a heart, and when no false interest in his wilful young ward, the daughter of an old friend.

"My dear child, you talk foolishly. I but mention this to show you that you may see how much you will lose by taking the initial step in this matter. Ask will, of course, remain here until you marry, or because of age."

"I shall be married at once," said to the official inspection of my lordly condo; to be subject in his eyes to the criticism of cedent scrutiny, to the supervision of his pleasure," was Susan's inward comment; and inspired by the thought of her own wrongs, she compressed her lips with a determination which—

"I really wish, my dear, you would take a view of the matter, my dear," resumed Mr. Bray, with a little more spunk in his one than one would have thought possible. "If you are under the impression that you will have counsin, or son, or aunt, or uncle with you—"

"I have seen him. I saw him at Uncle Robinson's when I was a child, and he was always different. And of all the overbearing, conceited boys I ever saw, he was the most disagreeable. I—forever telling me they ought to do this, and that ought not to do that. He quite spoiled my visit. Besides, he has gone—"

"He got back, I inquired Mr. Bray as Susan colored and hesitated. "Nothing that's coming, I know."

"He has red hair. I don't care if you do laugh. I feel it as my humiliation, and I won't marry a man that has it. They are always sure to be quick-tempered and overbearing."

"And people with black hair are always sure to be good-natured and amiable, I suppose," said Mr. Bray, with a sly glance at his world's long locks. "Well, well, well, my child, my opinion says when he comes. It's my duty to your guardian to look after your interests."

"So can some of he these; but his coming will not disturb my resolution. The property can have, but I'm not at all lovable to dispose."

Here, indeed, was a case for the feminine perversity. She had, we'll young lady with a fortune in her own right, and a handsome face, a delightful perplexity and vexation at what to be merely considered as a matter of course.

"I received your letter this day, and was much surprised at your decision to my uncle had made of his property absolutely dependent on his marriage with Edward Brown," said Mr. Bray, rubbing his spectacles with a red handkerchief, as was full of character and resolution.

"Mr. Brown had some rather peculiar notions," replied Susan, thought your father had not the power of the personal estate, and has taken no method to right the wrong without interpreting his daughter."

"I find no such fact with my uncle's intentions. Had he chosen to alone for my grandfather's property by a simple bequest, I should have had no objections; but the conditions attached to its make it impossible for me to comply to accept it."

Mr. Bray shrugged his shoulders with a perplexed, almost angry look.

"Here's a pair of 'em!" was his inward ejaculation; "every other mortal saddled with two such perverse specimens of humanity!"

"That is the case, certainly," he said, aloud. "Let us hope that a mutual acquaintance will take place."

"Excuse me," interrupted the young man, hastily, "but the very fact that such a thing has been hinted and expected will put an effectual bar in it. Even if such an impertinent a relation as marriage, the heart should be entirely free from any previous influence of a selfish nature. I should like to see my cousin, to ensure that I may personally know her true but self her kind and fortune are at her disposal."

Mr. Bray looked his shoulders with a perplexed, almost angry look.

"Any," he said, in the kindest way he could muster, "I will have Edward Brown's in the library, waiting to see you."

"Then the matter is gone out, sir."

Mr. Bray looked at her, and she shrewdly guessed that this to be a plan of the young lady's to avoid the interview he was so anxious to bring about.

Possibly the latter shared this suspicion; but if so, he betrayed no consciousness of it, simply saying, as he arose from his seat—

"Business calls me to an adjoining town. I will call upon you on my return. No wonder, I beg that you will master my cousin that I shall take an interested attendance of the powers conferred upon me by her father's will."

"A fine-looking fellow?" echoed Mr. Bray, as the door closed after him. "And if that perverse would but see him, she would be pleased, she'd do better than—she deserves pleased."

"Cousin!" my cousin going?" echoed Mr. Edward Brown, "where to?"

"That I don't know, Ned," said Mr. Bray, with a rueful air. "All the else she left behind—" and he took out his notes her resolution to depend entirely upon herself, and he established to the namely left her by her father.

The young man examined attentively, and with a thoughtful and troubled air, the delicately traced words; and, when he arose to leave, begged permission to retain them.

"Hey I grant?"

"You may sit down."

"Oh! on! O! O! Ooo!"

"John Henry, come here."

"I didn't go for to do it; Tom Higgins stuck a pin into me. Bob, too, too."

"I didn't mither!" retorted Thomas, with an air of injured innocence. "He threw a paper pellet, didn't you, Bob?"

"Oh, did I, sez him to he," said Bob, sheepishly, on the Post, you see, and got to the corner. John Henry, you come back and stand in that corner. Now, Thomas, you go, and you to the opposite side. Now, Bob, you come here, and go to the middle. Now, all of you, take, or I'll give you something to cry about."

Here the three settled into a subdued whimper, while that, if anything, were more trying on the nerves than the former loud lamentation.

The fuss was but, and the room close and uncomfortable, and her temples throbbed with a dull, heavy pain, that grew, momentarily, harder to bear.

"But this be I delighted task" she had read aloud, "of teaching the young idea how to shoot." Under opposite to it stake that she felt more like shooting the young idea," these were questions of it. Poor Susan! she was already heartily sick of it.

"I did come in gayety."

As the children came trooping out upon the floor, there was a general cry of the whimpers. "Squire Tomkins, one of "the committee," accompanied by the two gentlemen of Bowling Green, been stopping at his house for the last fortnight. She had seen the latter at church, and had been struck by his quiet, well-bred demeanor. He had several times passed by the window while she was the fading and burning excursion, gleaming in the sun brilliantly upon his fine, manly form and look.

Susan watched them in the fatal hope that they would go by. But no, they entered Squire Tomkins' house. Then, as she saw Squire Tomkins' brother, the "little great man" of the village, in the nervous and anxious state of the school of which he was "the committee" of.

They passed, and she was very troubled by a smart rap upon the door from the Squire's son, accompanied by a request from his father, with which he usually signalized his approach, that Susan would favor him with a few tunes. Susan, with a heavy heart, arose from her position, and went to the door, where she was met by her by bribing it the descriptive line with which the Squire always announced his visit, and which was less like his self-assumed restriction of hearing the "Squire's voice" than any other. "Squire Tomkins," and she relieved them fashion, and the Squire's son, and the Squire's son, and the Squire's son

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RECOLLECTIONS OF A BUST LIFE.

By MARGARET GREELEY.

No. VIII.

MY FATHER.

I must have been about ten years old when, in some school-book, whereof I have forgotten the name, I first read an account of the banishment of the Abrahamic by Demetrius, called Poliorcetes (Destroyer of Cities,) one of the many possessors of "Macedonia's madman." I cannot rehearse that account; so I must be content with the far truer and less vivid narration of the French historian Rollin:

"Demetrius had withdrawn himself to Sphetos after the taking of Rhamnus, prepared to succeed, and embrace embarked for Greece; his whole design being directed to the subjection of that country, for whom he had left his fleet, money and wife, Deidamia, and was extremely surprised and afflicted when he was sent on his way by ambassadors from the Athenians, who came to tell him that they could not be admitted into their city; because the people had, by a decree, prohibited the reception of any of the kings: they also informed him that the whole Deidamia, had been conducted to Megara with all the honors and ceremonies due to her dignity. Demetrius had from youth of the vices of luxury and lasciviousness, and was a slave to the most shameful and infamous passions. The posture of his affairs not permitting him to resume the nobility of his disposition, he contented himself with indulging his sluggishness in the most effeminate manner, and demanded his guilties; with which, as he had received them, he was entirely overwhelmed and buried.

Not many months elapsed before, through one of those strange and sudden quotations which were frequent throughout his career, the sentiments of Demetrius were completely reclined, and he was enabled to settle his account with Cesar with those who had proved so treacherous to his universality. I return here to the narration of Rollin:

"Athens, as we have already observed, had revolted from Demetrius, and had received Pyrrhus into her walls. Upon this prince's coming to Megara, he had carefully provided for the security of his territories in Attica, for several against that rebellious and ungrateful city, with a resolution to punish her as she deserved. He had accordingly invested the conquered city by sea and land, and some other cities which had united its party; but he was not long before he found that the siege would be closed, blocked up, and reduced to famine externally, by cutting of all hopes of provisions. A fleet of a hundred and fifty sail, sent by Ptolemy to succor the Athenians, and which appeared off the coast of Attica, suffered them but a transient joy. In fact, when this naval force saw a strong fleet arrive from Peloponnesus, it immediately retired, and left them a great number of other vessels from Cyprus, and that the whole amounted to three hundred and eighteen sail of the line.

"Although the Athenians had issued a decree by which they declared that they would be silent as to all matters relative to peace with Demetrius, the extremity to which they were reduced by famine, soon made them forget again its law. When he entered the city, he soon married the inhabitants to assemble in the theatre. Being thus surrounded with armed troops, and posted his guards on either side of the stage (through which all those passes were wont to be performed), and then, descending from the upper part of the theatre, he placed himself in the midst of the assembly, he showed himself to the multitude with more dread than love, and awaited the event in incredible horror, expecting it would prove almost as serious to destruction; but he dissipated their apprehensions, and declared that he would be satisfied with his entire life's ruin, and that he would not send to sail in any possession or the least vessel belonging to the town of his own, and any settlement to make gratis complaints and amicable expostulations. He then sent their officer and requested them to withdraw—preserving them, at the same time, with 300,000 measures of corn [and] and provisions and ammunitions as were most agreeable to them. The joy of this people may be easily conceived, and the sweetness with which they were received, affected, and how glorious must that prince be who could obtain respect as admirable a character!

Reflecting with admiration on this exhibition, it is magnanimity too rare in the commander, I was moved to inquire if a spirit so noble, so whose joy transcending the mean and savage impulse which Man too often displays in such positions, is it is the essence Revenge, might not be revenged, really termed Justice; and the first occasion on which I was finally led imported that the cruelty treatment of vanquished rebels or proscribed enemies must forcibly image and call to birth that of the "King immortal, invisible, and only wise God."

When I reached this conclusion, I had never seen one who was called or who could be called a Universalist, and I neither saw one nor read a page of any man's writings for years thereafter. I had only heard that there were a few graceless reprobates and watery outcasts who pretended to believe that all men would be saved, and I was furnished with no notion of any form of Christianity to their mockery of a creed. I read the Bible literally, much of it supposed that when quite too infallible to form any coherent, definite synopsis of the doctrines of perdition to be taught therein. But, soon after entering a printing-office, I procured subscriptions to several Universalist periodicals, and was thenceforth familiar with their methods of inquiry into God and of argument; though I first heard a sermon preached by one of this school while listening through Rollin, about 1850; and I was acquainted with no society and no preacher of His faith prior to my arrival in New York, in August, 1851; when I made my way, on the first Sunday morning of my sojourn, to the Bible House in Pitt-street, near Grand,—about the size of an average country-school-house,—where Rev. Thomas J. Sawyer, then quite young, officiated to a congregation of perhaps a hundred souls, [and] composed principally of the poorer and uneducated classes; remaining a member of it until he left the city.

I am not, therefore, to be classed with those who claim to have been converted to a belief in universal salvation by studying the Bible alone, or by any communication that may have been in the line of my new connections. I found therein abundant proof of their correctness in the "promises of patriarchs," prophets, [apostles,] and of the Messiah] himself. But, I never made the search in the pursuit of any favorite preference and doctrine, as in the spirit and general scope of the Scriptures, the happily blending irreconcilable contentions for every offence with unfailing glimpses of the chastened forgiveness for the chastened transgressor—thus saving sinners from sin by leading them, through suffering, to loathe and forsake it, and in laying down the Golden Rule, which, in all moral applications, [and why not?] must be utterly inconsistent with the infliction of endless and unending torture as the penalty of treatment, and often ignorant, offending, did I find ample warrant for my hope and trust that all suffering is disciplinary and transitional, and shall ultimately result in universal holiness and consequent happiness.

In the light of this faith, the dark problem of Evil is irradiated and virtually solved. "Perfect through suffering" was the way traced out for the great Captain of our Salvation; they why not for all the children of Adam? To say that temporary affliction is as difficult to reconcile with Divine goodness on earth as eternal agony, is to defy reason and insult common sense. The history of Joseph's perfection sale into slavery by his brethren, and that literal revenge of the latter arose into a means of vast and permanent blessing to the entire family of Jacob, is directly to point. Once conceive that an Omniscient Beneficence presides over and directs the entire course of human affairs, leading ever onward and upward to universal purity and love, and we at once become phenomenal and prospectively more certain of gaining cloud, which hides for a moment the light of the celestial and eternal day.

I am not sure that, even in my own case, I could, to assume to say where and when the [utterance of our true faith] first and rightly shall be communicated. Perceiving that many have the stage of being [dreamed] and transitional, I cannot believe that they will be transferred into angels of purity by the intervention of a circumstance so purely physical and literal as the sudden change of death. The same measure of God is everywhere and always perfect, though sometimes obscured by the imperfections of it.) I infer that, alike in all worlds, men will be surrounded by circumstances of the most varied and that neither by antedate nor any other device can a single soul escape the penalty of its own evil-doing. If man is punished because he seeks to be—because he will not be—he will be punished such discipline be restricted to this span of years. Therefore I know that my father, mother, best, eternal, &c., in our version of the Bible, are [synonymous] with [Hades] and [Gehenna] the [belonged]—giving hell, the grave, the pit, &c. And I am sure that the [Greek] word [aion] does not mean the bottom bome of departed souls—and while I am sure that the [Greek] word [aionios] does not mean [endless], I am sure that sinners are depicted were not [endless] punishment, and that [per realize the] human iniquity is often so flagrant and enormous as to [require] centuries of [punishment] even to [begin] to [be] [restrained]. How or where it will be [accomplished] I do not know, and I believe that it is not of principle or of primary consequence. [Whether] it will be [accomplished] by this or by [another] but, willingly ▼ [that is, wantonly] afflict nor [pervert the objects of] pain," but [inasmuch] as our own highest good demands it and would be prejudicial to [the] [universal] [good] if we [did] not [so] [inflict] [punishment] [upon] [the] [guilty].

I read in a more accessible form of a [Greek] [word] [aion] [which] [is] [properly] [an] [indefinitely] [long] [period], [but] [not] [endless], [and] [that] [the] [Greek] [word] [aionios

PAST AND PRESENT.

BY N. G. SHEPHERD.

Ah, well I remember the buttonwood trees
That stood in the days of my prime—
The buttonwood trees with their broad, green leaves,
And the house that stands no more.
And well I remember the quiet street,
And my heart oft throbs with pain
For the old, familiar scene of feet,
That I never shall hear again.

Ah, well I remember, me! years have flown,
The hopes that filled my breast,
Scrolls have that were mankind's pride
Are forever hid at rest.
The days of my youth, the golden dreams
That there yourself endued wrought,
Golden dreams which, alas! it seems
Have come at length to naught.

Ah, well I remember the snowy bed,
And the chamber where I slept,
No later pictures stare life begin
Blot my memory clearly kept—
No later pictures than these, I ween,
Of my boyhood's bright dawn,
When life seemed like to a painted scene,
And its heaven all rose in morn.

I remember the parlor, cosy and warm,
And the fitful fire-place's cheer—
Father and mother and sister dear,
And the evening hour,
And chimbers of a winter night,
When the winds sound chill and drear,
As I sat and gazed on the's warm light,
Their faces will appear.

And brother than those will often shine
In the firelight's ruddy glow,
The fire of a child with flaxen hair,
And a brow as white as snow:
And the' often shine in my inner prime
His sky fancy gone astray,
And I'll see him in my boyhood's time
A halo aware to play.

I love to think of her sweet child's face,
And her winning, artless ways,
Of her childish bliss and ours guileless fun
In those happy golden days;
I love to think of the place we laid
When she closed in my wife—
Of the immortal vows our young lips made
To bind us fast in life.

But thus her worked changes with each new year!
And Death has closed the door
On many a fair that was dear to me
And I shall see no more.
And the face of the child with the flaxen hair,
And the brow as pure as snow—
I can only see in the future air
And the firelight's ruddy glow.

So sensad here in the fourth alone.
While the cloud tries soft and low,
My fancies like a current waft them back
To the days of long ago;
And I pause and ask answering bale,
Where are the friends of all hours,
Of each other with voices blest
Their the interwoven years.

WINNING HER WAY.

By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "LOST HEIRESS," "THE MAD-HATTER," "SELF-MADE," "THE TWO SISTERS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXXXII.—CONTINUED.

To Alick there seemed something awful in Revenge's threatening words. He had been a very handsome, fine looking man, with that mildewed air of age and grief on whom not even the bitterness of poverty and servitude could take from their high birth and breeding.

Deep compassion moved the heart of Alick as he looked on him.

"What is the matter, Revenge?" he softly inquired.

"Child of fools!" he cried, answered the conscience-stricken man. And covering his fingered face with his hands, he wept bitterly, as repentant Peter wept.

Alexander looked on with awe for an instant, and then turned away his head; he could not bear to see anything grief.

At length, with an effort, Revenge gained a mastery over his passion and raised his head, and with the look of anguish still upon his face, said in a voice still thrilling with intense emotion, he said:—

"You ask me what is the matter? Remorse is killing me! Remorse! and now your kindness!"

"Remorse, Revenge?" exclaimed Alexander, in consternation.

"Yes, remorse! I am a criminal of the darkest dye! I am guilty of a deep sin!"

"A criminal!—No!"

"Yes, I am a murderous criminal."

"God never forsakes the greatest criminal, being penitent, you, Revenge! I can not understand! I can not believe you to be criminal!" exclaimed Alexander, unable to remove from his countenance, and mentally running over the dire sins likely to be committed by a poor gentleman under the influence of overpowering temptation. "What is it—manslaughter—swindling? No, he could have had no opportunity or inducement for either of these. What is forgery? Yes, it was most likely forgery. The poor noble man, driven to the most desperate extremities of want, forged his employer's name to a check, or, in some something of the sort, and was now dying of remorse and shame, and perhaps, of starvation, for he looked very ill and thin, if they were possible.

"Revenge," he said kindly, "do you wish to confide in me?"

"I wish to confess to you, since the offence was committed against you," answered the unhappy broken man.

"Against me?" exclaimed Alexander, in a surprise that was not without pleasure; for he instinctly thought that it was a relief to have any name to a escape, or a note, or any thing of the sort, in his power, and very easy to save him. It will only be for me to take up the paper without saying anything about it, or, simply to acknowledge the signature." Then, speaking softly, he said:—

"Tell me everything, Revenge, freely as one sitting confessor to another; for I, too, have sinned too deeply to have any sort of right to judge harshly, my friend, Revenge."

Still for a moment the poor gentleman remained silent, as if he could not further harrow up his feelings by recalling the past; but at once his face seemed to become calm.

"I will tell you everything. And the more willingly because reparation is still in my power."

But, Revenge, if such reparation should in any way injure you, or bring you to shame, why, the confession itself will distress you, without any reparation. If, as you say, the offence is against me, you need not tell it; and believe me when I say, I will not, and you shall ever keep it safe."

"Every grade, generous word you speak adds my heart's burden to repentance. I need tell you all. It will shame me, but it will relieve me and do no. Reparation must be made; and it will not distress but comfort me to make it; nay, it will almost do away my guilt. It is a measure that I had already resolved upon, and was only waiting for my poor wife to get over her impending sorrowful before carrying it into effect; for, in my poor Sofia's present critical condition, the excitement of a criminal trial would surely kill her. And then my little girl would be bereft of both parents."

"Revenge, you talk wildly! If the offence is against me, it is already condoned. You may reveal it or not as you please. For myself, I do not see the need of your doing so."

"That is because you do not know the nature of my crime!—Lord Kilcrichton, it was I who caused your child to be abducted!—There! I kill me where I stand if you like! No one will think of blaming you," said Revenge, in a broken voice, as he tottered to his feet and stood before little Lenny's father.

But Alexander gazed at him in amazement and incredulity for a full minute before he found ideas or words to reply. Then he exclaimed:

"Revenge, you are mad to think to do what motive could you possibly have had for getting possession of my child? You who have so many of your own! I say you are mad to think so."

"No," said Revenge, dropping back in his chair and covering his face. "No, not mad now; but I was mad then, when I caused the child to be carried off. I was mad, blind, and Heaven-forsaken!"

"Not Heaven-forsaken, Revenge, or you would not have been brought to this confession. But is this really true? You caused the child to be carried off? You said that reparation was still in your power!—Just restore the child still alive! Where is he? Is he in London? Is he in our reach? Is he well?" inquired Alexander, motive could you possibly have had for getting almost inaudible voice.

"How far is it?" asked Alexander, with his hand upon the door.

"About two miles from here," breathed Revenge.

"Then we must have a carriage," observed Alexander, ringing the bell.

"A cab, immediately!" he said, as the waiter appeared.

"And now, Revenge," he continued, when they were left alone together again, "now tell me, what could possibly have caused you to have the most distant idea of carrying off my little boy?"

"The agony of remorse I would not have borne for a week, but for my wife's critical condition."

"But she must have been very much distressed by the change in you."

"She was; but she soothed it all in every-work in the school. And I soothed her by saying that after her confinement I should leave the school. I did not tell her, for the Old Bailey."

"Heeh, Revenge, there will be nothing of the sort, for you can do as you please!"

"I will tell you all—I will keep nothing back; but, before he could say another word, the waiter opened the door, and announced that the cab had been ordered.

Alexander and Revenge left the house, Revenge tottering with weakness and scarcely able to walk without leaning on Alexander's arm, which was readily given him.

"Where to, sir?" asked the cabman.

"Black street, Blackfriar's Road."

And then, with the latter, Alexander, entered the cab.

The cab-door were both seized and the vehicle was in motion, Revenge commenced the story of little Lenny's abduction, and the salvation of him to the act.

With a shrewd-bowed head, in a broken and at most inaudible voice, he spoke of the bitterness of his poverty, and the misery of his wife and child, was agony, for his beautiful, pale-faced wife, and lovely, darling little girl, of her loneliness with her Highland nurse; of his belief that she would soon die, and of his conviction that the very best thing he could do for little Lenny would stand between himself and the displeasure of Lord Kilcrichton, and of the intensity of the temptation that finally maddened and conquered him, and drove him on to crime; and finally, again he spoke of the fierce remorse that like the fires of Tophet gnawed at his vitals.

"And now," he concluded, "do with me what you will. I have nothing to say in my defence, nothing whatever! You can prosecute me for the abduction, and your grandchild's home to-night, little Lenny!" exclaimed Alexander, in great delight, and with tears in his eyes, as he grasped his arms.

Lenny turned away and clasped his own arms around Meg's neck and renewed his plaintive cry.

"I want see Donns! I want see Doons so! Don't you know anybody one?"

"And so you shall see Doons, my beloved child! Don't you know Doons, you don't know me?" cooked Alexander.

"No, I do! But I want see Doons!"

"Look at me, my darling! Come to me! I am your father, darling child!" pleaded Alexander, holding out his arms and gazing earnestly into little Lenny's face.

Now little Lenny had been daily deceived by his father's pretending to be his father's father, but there was an earnest truthfulness in the look and words of the man that now carried conviction to the heart of the child. His face lightened, beamed, became transformed with ecstasy:

"You take me see Doons? You take me now?" he joyously exclaimed.

"Yes, my darling, now this moment! Come to me," said Alexander, still holding out his arms.

Lenny bounded into Doons.

"Oh, sir! you will not take him from me! It would break my heart! he is all I have to love in the world! all that loves me! I would work my fingers to the bones, I would, for him! Master, sir, don't take him away!" cried Meg, lifting the corner of her apron in her eyes.

"I will not take him to his mother, my girl, but into a pining for him," said Alexander, kindly.

"Oh, Lenny, you won't leave me! You won't leave poor Meg?" she wept, appealing to the child.

"No! no! no!" said Master Leonard, peremptorily. "No leave Meg! Not go too! Meg go too?"

"Yes, my darling, Meg must go!"

"I will, I will, I will! Lenny love Meg! Lenny love him. Meg go too?"

"But Meg cannot go," remonstrated the child's father.

"Oh, yes, sir, I can," sobbed Meg. "If you will take me, I can go, if you will let me; and I will be a faithful servant to him all my life, and never want any wages."

"Meg go too! Meg go too!" sang out little Lenny, to the chorus of the song.

"But, my girl, how can you go? I would gladly reward you for the care you must have bestowed upon my child, who, but for you, might have perished in this horrible place, but how can I take you away? you have parents or guardians who must be consulted."

Meg left off crying, and laughed aloud:

"Me, sir! little ladies and gentlemen have them things, not the likes of us! The people I live with don't care two straws; I do not like the men nicely, and the woman grannam I am sure she don't like me; and I am free to go with the child, if you only will take me."

"Meg go too! Meg go too!" cried the little Lenny, renewing now to scream and kick with impatience.

He had not been used to have his will crossed. He had been accustomed to prompt obedience to his slightest wish.

"I see that you are a chip of the old block," said Alexander.

"Meg go too! Meg go too!" screamed the child, in a voice so loud and shrill as to rival in velocity that they looked like a drove of fast.

Meanwhile, Meg, with her apron to her eyes, was sobbing violently. A scene was certainly being enacted.

"I think, sir, if I were you I would take the child and Meg, too, for the sake of peace," answered Revenge, with a sad attempt at a pleasantry.

"I'll do it in less time, sir; indeed I will, I could only be set me go with little Lenny!"

"Very well; be quick," said Alexander, handing over a sovereign.

"Oh, please, sir, give it to me in smaller change—for the shopkeepers was be sure to cheat me with a whole sovereign, at a time, they would, sir, and send for the police to take me up," said Meg.

"That is quite likely," thought Alick, as he gave her a half sovereign and a shilling, and then gave her a half sovereign and a shilling, and then gave her a half sovereign and a shilling, and then

ander, in a tone that awed the child into silence.

Then he crossed the room, knelt at her feet, and said:

"My wife, I have no word to say for myself. Let our child plead for me."

And he laid little Lenny on her lap.

No, there was no scene that could be fully reported here.

Husband and child, both restored to her in an instant! It is a wonder she had not died then and there! But she did not even faint. Heaven, that had sustained her through such long-drawn-out, unutterable sorrows, gave her strength now to meet the sudden shock of joy.

She gently put little Lenny aside for a moment, where the child, still awed into silence, stood quietly.

She stooped and fell upon her Alick's neck and clasped him to her; she wept over him in ecstasy; she kissed him again and again, sobbing words of the fondest endearment—sacred words not to be written here.

Lenny looked on in wonder and awe for some time; but at last his impatience overcame every other emotion, and he sang out:

"Me, too! Me, too! Me, too! 'Top it, Doosa! Tate Lenny up!"

Alick, with a face radiant with joy, once more snatched up the child, and kissed him rapturously, and put him in his mother's arms, saying:

"Tell him who I am, darling wife! Tell him who I am!"

"Does he not know?" inquired Drusilla, who was covering her child with caresses.

"No. I never felt that I had any right to tell him."

"Lenny, love, do you know who that gentleman is?" she asked, looking fondly at the child and then at the father.

"Ess I do! he bring Lenny home to Doosa," answered the boy.

"Look at him, Lenny. He is your papa."

"Lenny, popper?" inquired the baby, looking with great eyes at the stranger, who had now taken on a new interest for him.

"Yes," softly answered his mother.

"Lenny dot popper *too*?"

At this innocent question, in which so much was expressed, Alexander, again conscience-stricken, turned away his head to hide the tears that rushed to his eyes.

But for all reply, Drusilla stooped and kissed her child and handed him back to his father.

The reconciliation was perfect.

Later, they went into the drawing-room, to which Dick brought Anna and General Lyon; all of whom, amid tears and caresses, offered their earnest congratulations to the re-united pair; and rejoiced with an exceeding great joy over the restoration of little Lenny.

But all this was as nothing to the frantic delight of Pina when she heard little Lenny had been found. She ran to him, she snatched him up, kissed him and hugged him, and laughed and cried over him to such a degree that even Master Leonard, who could bear a great deal of that sort of thing, was obliged to order her to—

"'Top it."

And then she ceased, and bore him off to dress him in all his finery for dinner.

Yes, the reconciliation was perfect. And as it very seldom happens that any human being suffers as Drusilla had suffered, so, also, it falls to the lot of very few to be so happy as she was that evening and ever thereafter.

She never learned the true history of little Lenny's abduction. She was left to believe in the policeman's theory that the child had been stolen by thieves for the sake of the jewelry on his person. She was told, however, of Meg's cherishing care of her baby, and she saw for herself the strong attachment existing between them; and so she appointed Meg under nursemaid, and fitted her out with a decent wardrobe. As to Meg's "parents and guardians," the thieves of Blood Alley, they were left to their own conjectures on the subject of her absence, and they probably came to just conclusions, and being in possession of their ill got money, were also probably satisfied.

What else?

Clarence Everage, the sincerely repentant sinner whom misery had tempted to crime for which nature had never intended him, and whom conscience had afterwards constrained to confession and restitution—Clarence Everage, the poor, proud gentleman, the oppressed public school drudge—was put in possession of the Highland estate, and he became Everage of Kilcrichtoun.

Alexander advanced the funds to make the house habitable and the land arable.

In the bracing air of the mountains his fading wife and pale little daughters grew rosy and happy, well and strong. Everage also recovered his health and good looks, but never regained the raven hues of his hair. And when his wife or any friend would suggest that it was perfectly proper so young a man—so prematurely grey—should dye his hair, he would shake his head with a melancholy smile and say:

"No, no! I wear my gray locks in memory of a great temptation and a great fault, that might have been a fatal one but for the Lord's goodness."

No one, not even his wife, knew what he meant. And no one ventured to ask him. They saw that the matter was a sacred confidence between himself and his Creator, with which none might intermeddle.

In truth, nobody ever knew all the circumstances of little Lenny's abduction except those immediately concerned in it. Alexander had been generous in his recovered happiness, and had spared the name and fame of the poor gentleman.

The Lyon family, of which little Lenny was now the greatest lion of all, did not immediately return to their own country. They made the tour of Europe and worked hard at it, and so they saw about one trillionth part of what was worth seeing.

They were accompanied by the Seymours and by Francis Tredegar.

At the end of a year they went back to America, and down into Virginia.

Soon after their arrival several important family events occurred.

First, Drusilla presented little Lenny with a little sister, who was named Annette, and who became his especial delight.

Next, Anna became the mother of a fine boy, to the direct controverting of the gipsy fortune-teller's prediction, which had promised her only girls.

And finally, Nanny Seymour and Francis Tredegar were married; and the young couple, after a prolonged bridal tour, took up their abode with Colonel and Mrs. Seymour.

Pina made Jacob inexpressibly happy by accepting the dusky hand and honest heart of that "gorilla." Her place being made vacant by her marriage was well filled by Meg, now grown to be a pretty civilized-looking young woman, and promoted to be head of the nursery at Crow Wood.

When I last heard of these friends of ours, General Lyon was still living, in the enjoyment of a hale and happy age, at Old Lyon Hall, surrounded by Anna and Dick and their children, who made their home with him. And Hammond Hall was kept in good order by a steward and a housekeeper. And in the fishing season, the family, with a party of friends, usually occupy it for a few weeks. And there, as well as at Old Lyon Hall, they are often joined by Alexander and Drusilla.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lyon live chiefly at Crow Wood, where they spend their days in doing good, and in rearing their beautiful young family.

Their other country seat, Cedar Wood Cottage, is still in the care of "Mammy" and her "old man." And every winter Alick and Drusilla, with their children, go there to be near Washington in the season. And Mr. and Mrs. Hammond and General Lyon come to them. The General never loses his interest in what is going on at the capital.

THE END.

[Our popular contributor, MARY KYLE DALLAS, has written a beautiful story, entitled, "ABNER GAULT; or, The Hand of Fate." We shall commence its publication in the next number of the *Ledger*.]

LOT BROME'S WARD.

BY CAROLINE CONRAD.

Lot Brome's farm joined my father's. He was a strange man and lived in a house which, from its being rather high between joints and standing upon a rising ground, was called the Light-House.

Brome's wife was a noisy, bustling body, with a sharp nose, a long tongue, and a mortal fear of her grim spouse, who, it was said, never hesitated to apply corporeal chastisement if she was at all refractory.

Brome had no children, but he had a little cherub ward which had appeared under his roof in a very sudden and mysterious manner. Brome called her an orphan to inquisitive people, and beyond that was uncommunicative. It was said too that he kept the child close, and did not seem to like people to talk to her or notice her in any way.

My father had four stout sons older than I; and I, being lame, was exempted mostly from work and left to my own devices.

Thus it happened, that one day, when I was ten years old, I was idling upon one bank of the stream that separated my father's farm from Lot Brome's, and looking across at the Light-House thoughtfully, when the very subject of my speculations—Lot Brome's little ward—appeared upon the other shore. A surprisingly lovely child, with black curly hair blowing about her bare white shoulders, ran bonnetless and swift as a scared rabbit, down the path that led through the meadow-land on Brome's side of the stream. She did not stop running till she had almost thrown herself down the bank and stood upon the very brink of the water. Then, flushed to the very heart of her dimples and palpitating with the haste she had made, she looked up and, seeing me, began to laugh and nod. "I runned away," she called to me; and then, reaching out her hands, "I want to tome."

I was passionately fond of children—little children, that is. I did not feel shy with them as those of my own age, and I thought I had never seen any thing half so beautiful as this one. Without stopping to consider—few boys often do,—I rolled up my pants—I was barefoot—and, the stream being shallow here, waded across, and brought the pretty creature back in my arms.

"Mury like oo," she said, as I set her down, and began immediately to climb the bank on this side.

I could not stop her, though, truth to tell, I did not try very hard; and, after the first few yards' chase of her nimble feet, gave it up—coaxing her, instead, to go home with me.

She was willing enough, and prattled eagerly all the way, while I looked both back and forward with occasional brief misgivings, but was on the whole happier than I had ever been in my life before, for my infirmity made me shy of most companionship and I had never had or seen any thing that so completely fascinated me as this child. That "I want to tome," and "I like oo," had gone straight to my heart.

My mother scolded me soundly, and was scared nearly out of her wits at what I had done; but she devoured the pretty darling with kisses, carried her about the house in her arms, and loaded her with big lumps of sugar and all manner of good-ies and pret-ties that she could think of.

My poor mother had never had but one baby-girl of her own to pet, and she only petted her two years.

"If there was any one, love, to go, I'd send her home this minute," my mother would keep saying, anxiously and shaking her head at me; and Mury, as she had already taught us to call her, would pout her rosy lips, and declare, with her soft, warm cheek against my mother's, that she wasn't "doin' home one 'tep."

When my father came into his supper, and found what had happened, he looked displeased; but I could see well enough that he was also slyly amused.

"Come, child," he said, after supper, coaxing little Mury and beckoning me, "we must get you where you belong soon, or neighbor Brome will think we have pumped all his secrets out of you."

She went unwillingly, but yielded to my father's coaxing and an idea she took up that I was going to stay with her.

She ceased to laugh and prattle entirely as we approached the Light-House, and it required a fresh coaxing with some sternness on my father's part to get her inside the gate.

Brome and his wife darted out of the house, and met us half-way with vehement protestations of relief; but the glances they shot at my father and me were certainly expressive of any thing but that. Even I felt uneasy under their sharp questioning.

My father explained, and Brome, with grim smiling, professed to think the whole affair very laughable; but all the time his eyes did not lose their gloom, and he watched us restlessly.

My father shook himself slightly as we passed the gate—they did not ask us into the house—as though something oppressed him.

"I shouldn't like to have that man's conscience," he said softly to himself.

I knew he was not talking to me, so I did not speak; besides I was thinking how pretty, pretty Mury had clung to me at parting.

The next day and the next, I lounged upon the bank of the stream, and longed for my new playmate; but no Mury "runned" that way. The third day I was cross, and stayed at home, thus beginning to doubt the stability of feminine affection.

I was idling among the currant bushes in the back garden when something pulled my sleeve, and there, bare-foot and dripping with wet and covered with mud, stood Mury. She was holding two little shoes tight to her bosom, and, laughing and nodding as at first, she announced that:

"I's runned away aden."

She had taken off her shoes and waded across the creek, as I did, and she confessed, with a sudden burst of tears, that she "like to a dot jownded." The wonder was, indeed, that she missed drowning.

My mother was both annoyed at sight of her, and horrified at the danger she had been in. She kissed her rapturously, however, through all the mud, and Mury laughed and chattered like a mocking-bird in the exuberance of her delight. For me, I quite came out of my usual quiet self, to be a companion to this pretty magpie. I was quite strong, and though I could not walk without limping, I could romp in a sufficiently creditable fashion, and when my mother had somehow smuggled Mury inside a "short-gown" of her own, while she washed and dried the little mud-stained garments she had taken off, we two children played "horse" and "catchye, catchye" to our mutual satisfaction.

There is much said about the fascination a lovely woman can exercise. But no woman ever was the intoxicating delight to me that this little Mury was, not even Muriel herself, after she had grown to be the loveliest woman my eyes ever beheld. She combined, even at this age, the rarest delicacy with surpassing grace and sweetness.

She never seemed to know that I was lame when she was with me, though the peculiarity in my walk was almost painfully marked. But one day I found her sobbing upon my mother's shoulder, and my mother, knowing that I would want to be told why Mury cried, called me, and said, with tears in her own eyes:

"Dear Alec, Mury is so sorry for you."

I kissed the child, and sat down beside them with my little love's arm around my neck, while I told her stories, that made her forget her tears. Her pity did not, somehow, hurt me as that of most others did.

Lot Brome was very angry at this second escapade of Mury's, and did not attempt to conceal it from any of us. She was well watched for a time, but neither threats nor watching availed to keep her from us. She had almost an insane fear of her gloomy guardian, but this terror, instead of operating to make her obey him, seemed to drive her at every possible opportunity to flee his presence. She was sure every few days to make her escape and come to us.

Brome or his wife were usually upon her track at once, but she learned to cheat them by hiding outside somewhere till she had seen them come and go away, and they finally, through the judicious interference of my father, who was a capital peace-maker, consented to her coming as much as she liked. I heard my father say to my mother, however, that Brome would never have yielded the point, if he had not concluded that the child must have either told all she knew by this time, or else *forgotten* it.

Mury never told anything, however, except some vague talk about a "date big water" and a "date big cradle house," and some vaguer talk about papa coming back to Mury. Papa, she maintained, had brought her to Lot Brome's, and would come back for her some day.

As Brome said she was an orphan, of course we took this as mere child's talk.

So Muriel and I were growing up together, and I being exempted from farm duties, and expected to become a scholar, we went to the village school together—it was a mile and a half by the road, and a mile by the fields. Besides, being shorter, the field was cleaner and pleasanter because of its verdure and fragrance, and we went that way oftenest.

Muriel's abode with the Bromes was endurable, though to a less sunny temperament than hers, it might not have been. Brome never struck her—a circumstance to be wondered at, knowing the man's gloomy and fitful temper, and the tyrant he was at home.

One day, when Muriel was ten, and I was sixteen, I had gone as usual through the fields to meet and join her on her way to school.

She was late in coming this morning, and while I stood waiting, I noticed with some surprise, that a rock of considerable size which had hitherto overhung the stream and seemed firmly established in its place, had fallen forward into it.

Muriel and I had often fished in the hollow this rock now covered, and when she presently joined me I called her attention to its change of position with many expressions of wonderment as to what could have caused its dislodgement.

I imagined I detected in the moist earth traces as though a lever had been employed in its removal, and thought it curious that any one should have taken that trouble with no apparent object in view.

Muriel stood by silent and without any seeming interest in the subject. Looking up, I saw that she was pale and strange.

I dropped my wonderment about the rock at once and sprang to her side.

"It is nothing, Alec.," she said, in reply to my anxious questioning, but beginning to cry, "You know I am always looking for papa, and last night I thought he had come."

I supposed she had forgotten all about that childish imagining long ago, as she had not spoken of it, and I was greatly surprised now to hear her allude to it in tones of such unabated confidence.

"I was sure I heard papa call me," she went on. "It was in the middle of the night, and it waked me. Somebody called me—I am certain somebody called me—and I thought it was papa. Besides, there was a great noise in the room under mine, where nobody slept generally, and I thought by that something must have happened. I was so sure papa had come at last that I ran down and tried to get into the room; but the door was locked, and nobody came to open it. I heard Mrs. Brome say, 'Oh, my God!' and I was surer than ever then, and I pounded the door with my hands, and called as loud as I could. After a long time, Mr. Brome came and let me in, but there was nobody there except him and Mrs. Brome."

"What then?" I asked, eagerly, thinking from her look that there was something more, and fearful lest Brome might have at last struck Muriel.

"Not much; only Mrs. Brome screamed and said she could not bear to look at me; and he struck her and called her a fool."

"What did he say to you? Did you tell him what you came down after?"

"No. He said to me that I wanted to know what he was about, did I? and that he was beating his wife—that was what he was doing. Was there anything else I'd like to know? And then he looked at me so dreadfully that I was frightened, and ran away without saying a word."

She had not indeed got over her fright yet, and could scarcely talk for crying.

I soothed her as well as I could, reminding her that it was not the first time that Brome and his wife had quarrelled before her.

"But he must have hurt her very bad last night," she said. "She hadn't got up yet when I came away. I had to make the breakfast for him and me, and I was so afraid of him I couldn't eat."

Muriel drew near to me and spoke in a whisper.

"I heard them up all night, and he made her go out with him somewhere. When they came back he was scolding her yet, and I could hear her groan as if she was hurt very bad. He's an awful man. Papa could not have known, or he would never have left me there."

We walked along grave and silent. I was sorry for Brome's poor wife; but I was wondering with a chill of misgiving if Brome would ever dare strike Muriel.

I don't know what she was thinking of; but her face was very white still, and she wore an anxious look all day.

She was more cheerful the next morning, and said, with a relieved look, that Mrs. Brome was about again.

We were together much of the next four years—Muriel growing in loveliness and sweetness, and developing a fine intellect; I reciting to the minister, and becoming a wonder at home and among the neighbors for my learning.

I sometimes tried to talk with Muriel about that night when she had been so frightened; for, I scarce knew why, I felt a perplexed curiosity about it, like one who had listened to a story with the principal incidents of the narrative left out.

But she shrank so painfully from any allusion to it that I ceased to annoy her with it.

When I was twenty, I went away to a distant town to study medicine with an old friend of my father's who offered to do well by me.

Never mind what Muriel and I suffered in parting. It was bitter enough, and scarcely softened by the pledges we exchanged—young as we were—of mutual love and constancy.

I was *afraid* to leave her, and she, poor thing, feared to have me go.

It seemed as if a presentiment of the future was on us both.

I had no reasonable excuse, however, for stopping at home when I had so good a chance to do for myself, and of course I went.

Travelling expenses were greater in those days than now, and money not so plenty. It was two years before I saw home again, and the last six months of that time I did not hear from Muriel once.

I *would* go home then, to see what had happened, and not having money, I worked for my passage on the canal boat, and walked the rest of the way, except as an occasional teamster, pitying my lameness, gave me a lift.

My mother looked frightened at sight of me. Matters had been going bad enough at the Light-House, but they had kept it from me, for fear of interrupting me in my studies.

"Besides you couldn't have done anything if you had been here," said my mother, soothingly, for I was in a passion of rage and emotion at what I heard.

Mrs. Brome was dead and buried just six months, and Muriel had not been seen half a dozen yards from the house since.

My mother had braved Brome's scowls and been to see her a few times, but though she saw Muriel in a room by herself, she was silent and uncommunicative, and entirely unlike herself, so pale and thin. My mother suspected strongly that Brome was within hearing all the time, and that Muriel was afraid to speak, knowing it.

My poor girl! I alone could appreciate what she must have suffered—staying in the jailership of that dreadful man; I alone, knowing her as I did, could imagine how terrible an influence must have been brought to bear upon her to affect her thus.

I did not wait to eat or drink, or to see my father—I went to see Muriel within the hour.

Brome must have seen me coming at a distance—he could recognize me by my walk—for he met me at the gate, and told me I might as well go back; Muriel had changed her mind about me, and was going to be married to some one else.

I laughed at him.

"Come in, and she'll tell you so herself," he said, with a ghastly grin, and led the way.

Muriel rose stiffly from her seat as we went in, looking—oh! so unlike herself, and met me without any change of countenance. Her face was white though as her collar, and her hand so thin I could almost see through it.

She confirmed all that Brome said, speaking coldly, and without looking at me, and no appeals, entreaties or promises of protection, if she were afraid of Brome, could move her to any other expression of herself.

I had to go away unsatisfied, wretched, but I was not deceived. I had not known and loved my darling so many years to be deceived in her now.

"The man has some guilty secret, that he is afraid she will tell, and he has terrified her with threats and perhaps worse, till she dare not speak," I said to myself, as I went away.

I set me then to hunt up every evil rumor of the many there were about Lot Brome. I was indefatigable, and keen as any fox, but I came upon nothing tangible.

I would have given everything for a talk with Muriel, but she was too well guarded. Brome would never have let me speak with her alone.

I came near, at one time, having poor Mrs. Brome disinterred, to see if she had not perished by violence, but I was so opposed by the home folks that I gave it up.

During my absence a new road had been laid out across my father's property and Lot Brome's—laid out, but not made yet, so that in returning home from town I could still take the path across the fields over which Muriel and I had so often gone in our school days.

I was coming by that way one night late. The Light-House was dark—it was indeed near midnight; I had been detained unavoidably, and had fretted at the delay, little imagining what it would lead to.

As I came opposite the large rock I have mentioned before, I heard some one swear. Stopping and searching the darkness about me I saw a man standing in the water by the rock. The flowing of the water had drowned the sound of my approach, and he was unconscious of it.

Some instinct made me drop upon my hands and knees and creep through the tall grass toward him, till I could see what he was about.

He had a large crowbar, and was prying at the rock, and swearing between whiles. By the voice and general look I knew it was Lot Brome.

Was the man crazy or walking in his sleep? or had he got a pot of gold hid away under this monster fragment of stone? He was in the water over his knees, and in his eagerness went much deeper sometimes.

I thought of rising and collaring him, and having our quarrel out there. God forgive me, I never realized how I hated that man till then, as I crouched near him, alone in the dark, and tempted to spring at his throat. I sickened, revolted by my own anger.

Satisfied that he would never be able to move the rock alone—years had bedded it in its place too firmly—I crept away, saying to myself that I would bring him help before morning dawned. I went home, and rousing my father and the two brothers who were still at home, I told what I had seen, and what I wanted.

They were far from reluctant. "He didn't make such a fuss about the new road crossing his land for nothing," my father said, as he shouldered a crowbar, "it's to be opened next week, and his rock will have to come then, if it don't before."

Lot Brome's face, as we came up, was a sight. We had lanterns, and by their light he looked as though he had thought we had come to bury him.

"Alec was coming this way and thought you seemed as if you needed some help, so we come down," my father said, sternly, and stepped into the edge of the water.

Brome's tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth at first, but presently he said, in a sulky way:

"You think you've caught me now, don't you, Crossly?"

"I always thought I *should*, Brome. You know I never considered you a good man," said my father, in his odd way, "come boys," bracing himself, "he—oh, he-a-v-e her now."

The huge stone lifted slowly. Brome reeled as it rose, but he struck his crowbar into the sand and held himself up by it.

"Don't hold me answerable for what you're doing," he said, in a husky voice, but none of us answered.

We succeeded after a time in prying the stone from its bed, and placing it upon end. Then we brought smaller stones and filled in between the large one and the shore, till—the current of the stream being intercepted—its course was sufficiently altered for our purpose.

Day was breaking by this time, and we waited for it, watching the shallow water.

I believe we all saw IT at the same moment, even Brome, who called, between chattering teeth:

"My God! what is it?"

We could all see *what* it was—the skeleton of a man, the bones whitened and shining like ivory from the action of the water upon them, the denuded skull grinning horribly up at us.

My father's hand fell heavily upon Brome's shoulder.

"Man, how came *that* there," he demanded, sternly.

Brome was shaking like a leaf.

"I'll own up," he gasped, "I've kept it in long enough. I killed him, eight years ago to-night, and Ann and I brought the body down here, and tipped that rock over upon it. It didn't move so hard then."

Eight years ago! It was the very night of Muriel's fright, the very night before that morning when I had been surprised at finding that this very rock had changed its place.

"Who was he?" I asked, eagerly.

Brome turned slowly toward me.

"He was Muriel's father. We were boys together. He went away to other countries, and made money and married. His wife ran away from him, before Muriel was old enough to remember her. He turned all his property into gold, and brought it and the child to this country. Then he must needs go on a hunt for his wife, and stumbling on me, he thought of the old boyish affection between us, and fancied he could trust it. I don't know but he might, if he'd only left his child to my care and taken his gold with him. But he left them both, and the money tempted me. I hoped he would never come back, but I never meant to give up the money if he did. I knew he had no friends in this country who could identify him, and I meant to pretend not to know him if he ever came back for the money. I did not mean to kill him, but he waked while I was searching his papers to find the acknowledgment I had given him for the gold. I thought I had given him enough opium to keep him asleep, but he waked and clinched me, and I struck him on the temple with a door-bolt. The blow killed him."

It was true. Lot Brome had killed Muriel's father and hid his body here. But he had never known an instant's peace since. He had lived in terror of his own wife betraying him to justice, and when she had died, suspecting that she had told Muriel, he had entered upon such a horrible system of espionage and threatening as to reduce my poor girl to the state in which I found her. His victim had come and gone so quietly in that rural district, that but for Brome's own confession, it would have been difficult to convict him of the murder. As it was, the court made short work of it, and he suffered in due time the full penalty of his crime. I went up to the Light-House in the early dawn, and found Muriel. She came to me like a child when she could believe that she dare, and I took her to my father's house that very morning.

We did not tell her all the truth, till long after.

Brome had never touched the gold that had tempted him to such wickedness, so that Muriel was very rich now.

There was a coldness between us for a little, because I thought a poor lame young man like me no match for an heiress. But my dear girl penetrated my weakness, and weeping, scolding, entreating, coaxing by turns, convinced me that if I held to my fancy, I should prove both stubborn and ridiculous beyond words, so I yielded the point.

THE EVIL GENIUS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE TERROR," "WARNING VOICE," "THE FATAL ERROR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLIX.

On the following morning, Nina appeared at the breakfast table as serene as if nothing had occurred to mar the peace of her life. She was unusually bright and animated, and Mr. Hastings painfully thought what a comfort and happiness her presence near him would have proved had her moral qualities borne any proportion to her power of fascination.

He had, however, but one desire now with regard to her; and that was, to remove her from himself as far as possible, and place her in a secure and comfortable position for the future.

When breakfast was over, the two girls strolled out on the portico, and walked to and fro till Mrs. Hastings summoned her daughter to her own apartment, for the purpose of allowing her husband to speak in private with Miss Gordon.

The conversation of the previous night seemed to have removed every shadow of mistrust from her mind, and Mrs. Hastings had herself proposed that he should go to Nina, and inform her of the necessity of an early departure.

Mr. Hastings sent a request to her to join him in the library, as he had something important to say to her. Wondering that his wife permitted such an interview to take place, Nina moved toward the room in which he awaited her appearance.

After carefully closing the door, Mr. Hastings sat down near her, and gravely said:

"I asked you to come hither, Nina, to inform you that your desire for a speedy departure from Silvermere can be gratified at once. I will take you away myself in two days from this time, and make the necessary arrangements for sending you back whence you came."

Nina changed color, and she bitterly said:

"I think you are in a great hurry to rid yourself of me. When I spoke of going away, I had no idea that you would be willing to let me leave you so abruptly."

"It is for your own good that I have decided on this course, Nina. On Thursday evening, Opal gives her hand to Godfrey Fenton, and after what you told me yesterday, I considered it best that you should leave before they are married."

She uttered a faint cry, and covered her face with her hands. After a painful pause, she said, in smothered tones:

"Is it true? Will he *really* dare to marry Opal, when he knows how madly I love him? How utterly lost, and wretched I shall be without him?"

Her father compassionately regarded her, and his voice faltered as he replied:

"I am sorry to hear you speak thus, Nina. I am placed in a most painful position between yourself and your sister. But even if Godfrey had preferred you to her, his mother would never have permitted him to marry you. Arouse yourself from the indulgence of morbid feeling, my child, and forget that you have ever cared more for Fenton than he does for you."

"*Forget!*" she repeated, "as if that were possible to such a creature as myself! No—I shall not forget; it were well for him if I could; I will remember, and repay, and—and— But it is idle to utter threats; and I will not be guilty of *that* weakness. So, you have determined to send me away this week? In what way will you take me? to the cotton landing, or to Natchez?"

The place she referred to was a rude landing, about a mile distant, near which a rough shed had been built by the neighboring planters for the purpose of sheltering the cotton sent there

to be shipped to New Orleans. Nina had rode over to it several times since she had been at Silvermere, and was familiar with the locality.

Mr. Hastings replied:

"I shall take you to Natchez, for this reason: The packet will not stop at the landing before Thursday night, and it is your wish, I suppose, to be far away from here by that time. If it were not for the wedding, I could easily take you down from here that night, for there is a large quantity of cotton ready to be shipped on the next packet, and she will be there several hours."

A sudden light came into Nina's face; her eyes gleamed with the phosphorescent fire that flashed from them in her most dangerous moods; she seemed suddenly to have recovered from her chagrin, for she almost gaily said:

"What a good, thoughtful father you are. I have come out of my heroics, and I shall be quite ready to accompany you to Natchez at any time. Only let me get away from Godfrey Fenton, and I shall soon cease to care for such an ingrate as he is. With the money you have promised to give me, I shall be able to make myself very happy, I have no doubt. How much will you allow me, sir?"

"Five hundred a year is all that I have at my own disposal."

"Five hundred dollars! to board and clothe myself out of! I am sure you must be jesting when you speak of such a pittance as that, as an adequate support for your daughter."

Mr. Hastings looked at her with an expression of intense pain, but firmly said:

"That sum, with what Mrs. Hastings is willing to settle on you, will be quite sufficient for every rational want. My wife has informed me of her offer to give you ten thousand dollars; and that I consider a very respectable provision for you, aside from what I shall be able to do for you."

Nina flushed, and resentfully said:

"So Mrs. Hastings has told you that? She must be in a better humor with you than she has been of late, to give you her confidence to such an extent. Did she also tell you *why* that money was offered to me?"

"She did; she does not like you, and she wishes to remove you from her house at any cost. She was jealous of you, but I have dispelled that delusion from her mind."

"In what way? Did you inform her of the relation in which we stand to each other?"

"God forbid! for that would make a breach between us that nothing could heal."

"I am sorry to hear that, sir; for I have serious thoughts of telling Mrs. Hastings myself. Why should she not know that I am your daughter, and must be provided for as such?"

With pale sternness, he replied:

"In attempting such a course, you would effectually destroy all hope of assistance from me. I have no resources of my own; my wife allows me an annual sum for attending to the management of her property, and from that I shall give you the allowance I named. If Mrs. Hastings is made aware of that unfortunate episode in my early life, I feel assured that she would separate herself from me. In losing her, I should lose the control of her fortune, and with it, the power of more liberally providing for you at some future day."

His words produced their due effect, and Nina lightly said:

"I was not in earnest, *chèr* papa. What could I gain by making mischief between yourself and your wife? Since you are content to 'dwell in decencies forever,' I am sure that I have no wish to balk you; but if I had to submit to Mrs. Hastings' exactions as you do, I should not much care how soon an explosion came."

"Perhaps not, as you seem to belong to the explosive order of women; but my home is pleasant to me in spite of its drawbacks; and I have one child at least who has never given me cause to regret that she was ever born. Besides, I owe to my wife such reparation as I can make for not giving her as much of my heart as she is entitled to. I will try and do better in the future. In my house I will seek to bring the true spirit of affection, and put to flight all Laura's fears of finding a rival in my affections. I gave her one in you; but that is over. After what you said to me yesterday, I clearly see that the tie of blood that unites us is the only bond that can exist between you and myself. You have proved that you do not love me; I have ceased to consider you above others; and now we stand on equal ground."

The sad severity with which Mr. Hastings uttered these words convinced Nina that they had been maturely weighed, and expressed the simple truth. She listened with a heart filled to overflowing with rage and disappointment. She had evidently lost the hold on him she flattered herself she had established, and he was ready to cast her off without a single regret. He would give her money, and that was all. No wearisome longing for her return would follow her departure. On the contrary, he would breathe freer with the sense of relief it would afford him.

She arose and haughtily said:

"I believe we understand each other now, sir, and it is useless to multiply words. I am to go, and you are glad to rid yourself of my presence. On my side, I can, with truth, assure you that I am as anxious to leave your house as you are to get me out of it. I shall pack up to-morrow, and be ready to go in town at any time you may think expedient."

"Very well. But you need not fatigue yourself with packing your trunks. Ninette can attend to that. I will give orders to that effect myself."

"Don't trouble yourself, sir. When I need the assistance of your servants I can summon them myself. I will go to my room now, as I wish to be alone."

Nina hurried from the library, and ascended to her own apartment in a state of angry excitement which at that moment might have led her to attempt some desperate act. She locked the door and paced the floor in violent agitation, muttering:

"Turned out of doors! Actually ordered to go away, for it amounts to that; and I, his eldest child, too! With every claim on him, I am to be thrust away with that contemptible allowance. Why, it is not the twentieth part of the annual income of his wife. But I will yet find means to increase it. I will—I *will!* and I will wring the hearts that have ignored my claims, made me bear the stigma of illegitimacy, and left me in the world alone. I wonder what my lady mother will say when she becomes aware that I hold her pseudo respectability at my mercy? She abandoned me—left me to the care of strangers—and I will let her know that I have been informed of her whole history. *She*, too, shall pay me for withholding from the husband she has so basely deceived the knowledge that she has a living child that does not claim him as her father. I wonder if she has ever read The Scarlet Letter, and took its lesson to heart. I fancy that the man she has married will hold her to as strict an account as the old Puritans held that unhappy woman. And *my* mother merits punishment more than she did; for the heroine of that terrible story did not abandon her child. She kept it with her, cherished it and loved it; but *she* cast me off because she considered her own interests before my welfare. It will go hard with me if I do not find the means of repaying her."

In her present savage mood Nina felt capable of anything. Her thoughts reverted to Godfrey Fenton and his approaching marriage, and she meditated almost to madness on the means of preventing it. After a long interval of conflicting thought, she muttered:

"I will give him one more chance—*one more!* and God help him if he refuses it!"

She opened her portfolio and hastily wrote:

"Meet me in the boat house this afternoon for only half an hour. I am going away at once. Perhaps we shall never meet again; it is most probable that we never shall, and I am sure you cannot deny me this last request. I have that to say to you which it most deeply concerns you to hear. NINA."

She folded the paper and put it in her pocket, then threw herself on the bed to compose herself and rest before the dinner hour arrived. She heard the voice of Fenton talking gaily in the lower hall, and she felt certain that he would remain at Silvermere through the day. There was no service in the neighborhood church, and he felt at liberty to dispose of himself as he pleased.

Nina arrayed herself in a most becoming toilette. When she descended to join the party in the drawing-room the tempest of emotion had passed away, leaving her face as fair and placid as usual, and the sweet smile with which she extended her hand to her former lover had in it no shadow of the bitterness that lay cradled in her heart.

That she should still love this man seemed to her one of the unaccountable inconsistencies of human nature. She had no respect for him. She knew that he had preferred another to her, yet her heart madly cried out that she must win him yet, or take a terrible vengeance for her defeat.

During the progress of her convalescence she had met Fenton several times, and she acted toward him as though that interview on the lake had left no traces on her memory. Admiring her tact, he submitted to the fascination she could exercise at will over any man that approached her, and on this day he found her bewitching.

Nina spoke of her early departure, and declared that her spirits had risen from the moment she had actually made up her mind to return to her old home and the friends she would find there. Fenton listened skeptically; but he was not the less charmed with the sparkling gaiety of her manner, although he thought it was increased by the quantity of champagne she had drank at dinner.

Opal was pale and pre-occupied, and her betrothed allowed himself to be monopolized by Nina. He forgot his recent fears of her. With his usual egotistical recklessness, he thought only of the amusement of the passing hour, and he was only recalled to prudence by having the note Nina had written thrust furtively into his hand as the three young people went out on the portico together.

"What could she have to say him that required such secresy as that?" he confusedly asked himself; and he felt half-tempted to return it to her as mysteriously as it had been offered. But curiosity prevailed, and he watched an opportunity to open the paper and read the lines traced within.

Nina adroitly afforded him this by luring Opal to the end of the portico to examine the buds of an early rose, which were already bursting into bloom. She could not see Fenton's face as he glanced over her missive, but she felt perfectly sure that he did read her request, and her heart beat high with the hope that he would grant it.

When they rejoined him, she carelessly said:

"The afternoon is so charming that I think a walk would do me good—what do you say, Opal?"

Nina knew beforehand the answer she would receive, for Opal had complained of suffering from headache, and she felt certain that she would decline going. As she anticipated, the reply was a refusal.

"Excuse me, Nina; I am not well enough to leave the house, and I scarcely think it will be prudent for you to walk far yourself."

"Oh I feel quite well to-day, and I wish to take a last farewell of the boat-house. I have some sentimental reminiscences connected with that you know. Mr. Fenton saved my life when he fished me out of the lake, though he violates the rules of romance by deserting me for another. But I hope he will be as happy with you, my dear, as if he had not slighted me."

The gay carelessness with which she uttered these words gave no clue to their bitter meaning, at least to Opal. Nina passed into the hall, and throwing a fleecy shawl that hung on the hat-stand around her, she ran down the steps, saying:

"You may follow me or not, just as you choose, Opal, but of course Mr. Fenton will be too gallant to permit me to go on my pilgrimage alone."

Fenton hesitated a moment as to the propriety of accepting this challenge; but finally, compressing his lips, he walked to the farthest end of the portico, gathered a rose-bud, and returned to offer it to Opal, as he said:

"I think I had rather stay with you, love. You are not in good spirits to-day, and you seem to need cheering up."

"But it seems unkind to allow Nina to walk alone, Godfrey, and she still weak from her illness. Pray follow her, and make the *amende honorable*."

"Excuse me, I prefer staying with you," Fenton said aloud; but he mentally added:

"If you only knew the kind of *amende* she would ask of me, I hope you would not be so willing to permit me to offer it."

Nina glanced back several times, and her pace slackened, but she still kept on her way toward the boat-house, in the hope perhaps that Fenton would yet join her there.

But he had no idea of risking such an interview, and he ardently hoped that he had seen the last of Nina Gordon forever. When she was beyond hearing, he called to a negro boy, and ordered his horse to be brought around immediately. Opal looked surprised; she asked:

"Are you going away before Nina returns, or will you ride around by the boat-house?"

"I hate leave-takings. Give my compliments to Miss Gordon, and my best wishes for a safe and pleasant journey. That is all I have to say to her. My mother will expect me back early, and I must set out at once, for the sun is getting behind the tree-tops. Good-bye, Opal! I shall be absent from home for the next three days, and I shall see you no more till the important evening on which we have agreed to take each other for better, for worse. I hope to find you in your highest beauty on that auspicious night."

He ran lightly down the steps, mounted his horse, and rode gaily away—kissing his hand to her as he turned the last curve in the road that concealed her from his sight.

Opal went in to lie down, for the headache of which she complained was not a show to cover the sadness of her heart, as is too often the case with her sex. So she did not know how long Nina waited in the boat-house for the faithless lover that never came; nor did she see the pale, set face the disappointed one brought back with her as the twilight shadows were falling over the earth.

Nina went up to her own room chilled through every fibre of her frame by her imprudent exposure to the open air, yet with a fiery flood of passion and despair seething in her heart that rendered her insensible to physical discomfort.

On this night she felt herself a veritable Ishmael, for it seemed to her as if every hand was raised against her, and she was ready herself to rise up and do battle against the whole human race. Steeped in the gall of bitterness was her heart, and, at moments, she almost dreaded herself.

Nina refused to go down to supper, and she scarcely touched what was sent up to her. She ordered the servant to bring wine up to her, and eagerly drank glass after glass, keeping the bottle near her after Minette had gone away.

When she looked into the mirror and saw the flush it had brought to her face, she uttered:

"The wine has gone to my head. No matter—I needed it to enable me to bear my burden, and I love its exhilarating effects. That task is my only inheritance from *him*—from the weak man who fears to proclaim to the world that I am his child. Never mind! I will find means to repay him yet."

Nina took up the light, and held it almost in contact with the bed-clothing, laughing like a maniac as she did so.

"Ha, ha! What if I set fire to his house and burned it to the ground? It is a great temptation; but then I'm not ready to bury myself on a funeral pyre. But he could easily build another house even better than this, so what should I gain by that? No, no; I will do something that will cause me to be remembered longer than setting a house on fire would.

"To be baffled at every point; to be sent away in disgrace and defeat, is more than I will tamely bear. I have thought over all that is possible; I have settled my plan of action; and now, Godfrey Fenton, marry that pale-faced simpleton who does not know how to love, as soon as you dare. You think you are done with me forever; so you thought twice before in your life, but I came upon your path again. The *third* time of coming will be ominous for you."

Thus musing, Nina sat till a late hour; but finally weariness of body and lassitude of mind sent her to her pillow to sleep heavily till a late hour of the morning.

In the course of the day Opal delivered to Nina the parting message of Fenton, and at the same time expressed herself so sweetly and tenderly toward her that her hard and wayward heart was touched. She earnestly said:

"I hope you will be happy, Opal, and I promise you to do what I can to contribute to your future welfare. As I am going away, you think that cannot be much, but no one knows. I may some day have the power to influence your fate for good or evil, and I pledge you my word that it shall be for the first."

"Thank you, Nina; and I, in my turn, will say that if you should need a friend in the future, apply to me, and I will do all that lies in my power to serve you."

Minette came up to say that dinner was served, and after it was over Nina was to set out for Natchez, to remain with the Matson family till the departure of the steamer. The meal was a silent one, for each one had much to think of, and by the time it was over the carriage was heard to drive to the door.

Nina's trunks were brought down, put into a light baggage wagon and sent off, and she herself soon followed them, equipped for her drive. Mrs. Hastings bade her a polite adieu, after whispering to her that her husband would attend to the business that was necessary to transfer to her the settlement she had promised. Nina turned from her to the sister who stood beside her, ignorant of the close tie that connected them, and with some emotion said:

"Kiss me once before I go, Opal. I shall carry with me a pleasant memory of *you*, at any rate."

"I will kiss you once, twice, three times, for papa, mamma and myself," she replied, suiting the action to the words, and Nina returned the caresses, holding her hand clasped in her own while she looked into the blue eyes bent tenderly upon her.

Suddenly she dashed it away, hastened down the steps, and entering the carriage, was driven rapidly from the house she had entered as a malignant influence—in which she yet meant to leave a lasting memento of her presence.

Mr. Hastings sat perfectly silent till they had left Silvermere far behind them. His manner toward Nina had so entirely changed that she felt sure he was now only anxious to remove her as far as possible from himself. Although she regarded him with very mixed feelings, she resented the withdrawal of that affection which he had declared had so long been the ruling passion of his life.

He looked sad and broken, and Nina thought his hair whiter this morning than it had been before, but that did not touch the heart she had hardened until it felt like adamant in her bosom.

Mr. Hastings at length spoke in measured tones:

"Nina, you are going from me, perhaps forever; but I shall hope to hear regularly from you. Your letters can be sent to me under cover to my friend, Mr. Matson, and he will take care that they come safely to hand. I shall settle the money agreed on upon you, and you can draw your income through a banking firm in New York, whose address I will give you. Does this satisfy you, my child?"

"I shall write to you when I have anything to say, and as to being satisfied with what you can do for me, of course I must content myself with what I can get. It is little enough, considering the style in which you live, and the money so profusely lavished on Opal."

To this ungracious speech her father calmly replied:

"I have explained to you that Opal derives her wealth from her mother, not from me; or so great a difference would not be made. If life is granted me a few years longer, and I am successful in some speculations I intend to undertake for your benefit, I shall be able to give you a handsome dower; but I can promise nothing positively. What I can do, I will, on one condition."

"And what is that?"

"That you will never seek the unfortunate woman whose life I wrecked. That you will never betray to her that I gave her humiliating secret into your keeping. You will promise me this, Nina?"

The repressed eagerness of his manner showed her how much in earnest he was, and she evasively asked:

"Why should I seek the mother who repudiated the tie of maternity so far as I am concerned? I am sure there would be no pleasure in a meeting between her and myself, and I shall not be likely to seek it."

"Then you will keep my confidence sacred? You will not attempt to embitter still further the sad life of your unhappy mother? Give me this assurance, Nina, for I must have it."

"Why should you doubt my willingness to give it? I shall leave Mrs. Marsden to seek such peace as she can now find. You need have no misgivings on her account, sir."

Mr. Hastings was forced to satisfy himself with these vague assurances, for he could gain nothing more definite from his companion, and silence again fell between them till the carriage drew near the town.

Then he took Nina in his arms, kissed and caressed her as he had done on that night when he believed her to be dying, and she knew that her waywardness had not entirely destroyed the strong parental love he felt for her.

Nina triumphed in this thought, though her own heart but feebly responded to the endearments her father lavished on her. He at last released her from his almost convulsive embrace, and huskily said:

"I have given you my farewell, Nina. When we part in the presence of others, it must be as the acquaintances of a few brief weeks. Nothing must be betrayed to others."

"Do not fear for me, sir," she replied, with perfect self-possession. "Only retain your calmness, and I can answer for mine."

Her father regarded her earnestly a few moments, and then passionately cried:

"Child—child! I believe that what you said to me the other day was the truth! that all the love I feel for you has failed to elicit any return. God help me! I deserve it, perhaps, but it is not the less bitter for that."

By this time the carriage had entered the avenue that led to Mr. Matson's door, and Nina hurriedly asked:

"What do you expect of me? I am human—I have strong resentments, and although you are my father, you have yourself told me that which could only have the effect of estranging me from you. It is better for us to live apart, for we could have no comfort in each other."

The carriage drew up, the door was opened, and Nina sprang out without giving Mr. Hastings time to descend and assist her to alight.

In another moment she was surrounded by the younger members of the Matson family, who had hurried out on seeing the carriage from Silvermere at the door. Half paralyzed by the cruel words to which he had just listened, Mr. Hastings slowly followed her, and returned the greetings of Mrs. Matson, who by this time had come to the door herself.

She expressed much pleasure and surprise at seeing them both; as they entered the house she said to Nina:

"I heard of your illness, my dear, and tried to get out to see you, but we had sickness among ourselves, and I was forced to satisfy myself about you by inquiring from Dr. Wiseman how you were getting along. I am glad to see that you are looking nearly as well as ever."

"Oh, yes, thank you; I have recovered entirely, I believe; but my experience of the climate of Mississippi has convinced me that I cannot live in it, and I am on my way to my Northern home."

"Going back! impossible! Why should you return to that cold country when ours is so much more beautiful?"

"Ah! there we differ, you see. I think *my* state the most delightful one in the Union, and I am going back to my 'ain countrie' to stay there, and content myself even with its wintry snows."

A glance at the stern face of Mr. Hastings satisfied Mrs. Matson that something had gone wrong, but what it was, she was destined never to know. She mildly said:

"I had hoped for something different, Miss Gordon; but if you are satisfied to return to the North, of course we must make up our minds to let you go."

"I am quite satisfied—most anxious to be on my way; so anxious, indeed, that I could not consent to remain to the wedding; which, by the way, takes place on Thursday evening, and only the connexions of the family are to be invited. Mr. Hastings was so kind as to bring me in himself, but he is not well, and he is besides in a great hurry to get back home, so, of course, we must not try to detain him."

Aroused by these words to the necessity of putting a restraint upon his feelings, Mr. Hastings said:

"I have but a moment to stay, Mrs. Matson, for I must see your husband before I leave town, and tell him what I wish done with reference to this wilful young lady, who is bent on taking her destiny in her own hands again. Good-bye, Miss Gordon; I wish you a safe and pleasant journey, and I shall do all that is in my power to provide you with protection on your way."

He held out his hand. Nina placed her own in it for a moment, and although she felt how tremulous his grasp was, she indifferently said:

"Good-bye, sir; I shall know how to take care of myself very well."

Mr. Hastings bowed mechanically to the others, and moved away as if walking in a dream. He re-entered his carriage, which he ordered to be driven to Mr. Matson's place of business. There, he held a long and confidential interview with the merchant, the result of which was, that on his return home Mr. Matson expressed no surprise at Nina's sudden departure, nor did he renew his offer to find another situation for her as teacher in a private family.

When Nina was not looking at him, he regarded her with a half-curious, half-pitying expression, which showed that Mr. Hastings had given him more of his confidence with regard to her actual position than he had bestowed on any other person.

On the following morning, immediately after breakfast, Nina went to her room, put on her bonnet and shawl, and watching her opportunity, made her way from the house without attracting the attention of any of its inmates. After leaving the grounds, she moved leisurely toward the city which lay in sight, and soon gained the upper end of Main street.

She wore a thick veil, which she never lifted as she moved down this thoroughfare, till she came to the squares occupied by mercantile establishments. Looking about her, she found a clothing store, which she entered, and asked to look at boy's clothes. In a few moments a plain suit, made for a well-grown boy, was selected, to which a dark cloth cap was added.

When the clerk asked where the bundle was to be sent, she replied:

"I will take it myself," and after paying for them, she walked out, carrying the parcel in her hand.

With swift steps Nina threaded her way back to Mr. Matson's house, entered unobserved as she had gone out, and went up to her chamber.

She placed the articles she had so mysteriously purchased in a small trunk, in which her night-dress and toilette apparatus were packed, and her face while thus employed would have made a study for a physiognomist. There was cunning, bitterness, and resolute purpose expressed on it, and it was not difficult to see that her mind was made up to some course of action which promised revenge for the defeat she had sustained at Silvermere.

When Nina rejoined the family circle, she was as gay and pleasant with its younger members as on the occasion of her former visit, and no one would have dreamed of the terrible guilt she was meditating; of the purpose that had matured in her own mind, and only waited for the opportunity to be put into execution.

Two days passed away with apparent enjoyment to Nina, and on the third one she prepared to embark on the New Orleans steamer. She took leave of the family with many expressions of regard, and accompanied by Mr. Matson in his own carriage, went under the hill to meet the boat which was due at five o'clock.

On the way he gave her a letter of introduction to Mr. Thomas Frith, the commission merchant, in New Orleans, who received the cotton shipped by Mr. Hastings, and also an order on him for five hundred dollars, as the first instalment of the sum to be paid her annually. Mr. Matson gravely said:

"Mr. Hastings has settled on you enough to make you independent, Miss Gordon, and I have consented to act as your trustee. To prevent unpleasant comments, I shall transmit your interest as it falls due to New York, and send you a check on the bank in which it shall be deposited in your name. All you have to do is to enjoy 'the goods the gods provide,' and make yourself happy in your own way."

Nina fixed her eyes upon his face and abruptly asked:

"What reason did Mr. Hastings give you for settling this money on me? If he gave none, you must think it a strange proceeding."

He returned her gaze without flinching, and quietly replied:

"He told me *the truth*, Miss Gordon—not in all its details; but he confided to me enough to convince me that he acted very unwisely when he brought you into his own family. I am aware of your near relationship to Mr. Hastings, and I have undertaken to become the guardian of your interests, as it was impossible for your father to act in person for you with exciting suspicion in the mind of his wife."

With flashing eyes Nina exclaimed:

"So he has put this crowning humiliation upon me? He has told *you*, the friend I had made for myself, who and what I am. Did he tell you, too, who my mother is?"

"No—he scarcely referred to her. He spoke only of you, and he showed the greatest anxiety that you should be suitably provided for."

"Suitably! what! with that paltry sum of money? Mrs. Hastings will wear diamonds at her daughter's wedding worth three times as much as they are willing to give me, and a single set of jewels offered to Opal by her bridegroom cost six thousand dollars. Yet my father thinks ten thousand as much as I am entitled to."

"It is far more than you had reason to expect when you came hither, Miss Gordon," replied Mr. Matson, coldly. "Remember that Mrs. Hastings' fortune belongs to herself, and her husband has little of his own. He has done all that he could for you, and he hopes some day to be able to do more."

"You expect me to be duly grateful, I suppose, but I am not. I think that I have been so bitterly injured, that all the money belonging to them both could not compensate me for it. I cannot yet forgive Mr. Hastings, for he acted a base part toward my mother, and she acted no less basely in giving me up when I was a baby and needed her care. I do not understand how she could do it, but I think she has met her reward."

"Do you know anything of her?"

"Yes, I do. She married an honorable man, from whom she concealed the fact that she had lived two years with Mr. Hastings, believing herself to be his wife. When she discovered the deception he had put upon her, she left him; and deserted me at the same time. As I was *his* child, I suppose she included me in the contempt and hatred with which he had given her good cause to regard him."

Mr. Matson seemed greatly surprised and shocked. He hurriedly said:

"Your father could never have acted so badly as that, Miss Gordon. You must unconsciously exaggerate."

"I do not; I had these facts from his own lips only a few days ago. I am not likely to forget them, nor would I put a false coloring upon them to make you think him worse than he is. I only wish you to be able to do justice to my mother, Mr. Matson, badly as I think she treated me; for the time may come when you will learn who she is, and then you will be glad to know that she was innocent of any wrong herself, so far as Mr. Hastings was concerned."

"I cannot imagine why you should suppose that I shall ever know anything about her; but I shall remember what you have said. Here, we are at the landing, and the boat is in sight."

Glad that the conversation must here end, and half incredulous of the truth of Nina's revelations, Mr. Matson assisted her to alight, and they went on the wharf-boat, to the side of which the splendid steamer Vicksburg dashed in a few more moments.

Several passengers were going on from Natchez, and among them Mr. Matson found an old gentleman of his acquaintance, to whom he introduced Nina. Mr. Waugh promised to attend to her on the way down, and see her safely established at the St. Charles hotel, on her arrival in New Orleans.

Mr. Matson went on board with her, and secured a comfortable state-room, into which he ordered the smallest trunk belonging to Nina to be placed. In a few moments the bell rang, and bidding the merchant farewell, she went into her room; he sought the shore again, and was taken back to his place of business in a brown study.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE SHEPHERD'S REPLY.

When Chloe asked with arch surprise,
Why Cupid seemed to have no eyes,
Her swain replied—"Fair shepherdess,
Love's eyes are those that *you* possess!"

CALM THOUGHT.

There is nothing which makes so great a difference between one man and another as the practice of calm and serious thinking. To those who have been unaccustomed to it, there is required at first an effort; but it is entirely in their own power to repeat this effort if they will, and when they will. It becomes every day easier by perseverance and habit—and the habit so acquired exerts a material influence upon their condition as responsible and immortal beings. In that great process, therefore, in which consists the healthy condition of any man as a moral being, there is a most important step, of which he must be conscious as an exercise of his own mind. You feel that you have here a power, however little you may attend to the exercise of it. You can direct your thoughts to any subject you please; you can confine them to objects which are before you at the time, or occurrences which have passed during the day—or you can send them back to events which took place many years ago. You can direct them to persons whom you are in the habit of meeting from day to day, or to those who are separated from you by thousands of miles. You can place before you persons who lived, and events which occurred long before you came into existence, and you can anticipate and realize events which are not likely to occur until you have ceased to exist. Study these wondrous processes of your mind; observe what power you have over them, and what consequences of eternal importance must arise from exercising them aright. If you can thus think of any subject you please, why cannot you think of God—of his power, his wisdom, his holiness, his justice—of his law which he has written in your heart and in his revealed word? Why cannot you think of and realize the period when you shall lie down in the grave; and that tremendous moment when all that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live, and shall arise to judgment? Such truths as these, duly considered, or thought of, could not fail, under divine influence, to exercise a powerful effect upon all our habits of thinking and acting in this life.

A COOL REPLY.—An Indian prince, remarkable for his pride and ill humor, once walking to the window of his presence chamber with a foreign ambassador, said to him: "Do you know, sir, that one of my ancestors forced a person of your description from this balcony into the street." "It may be so," was the reply, "but probably it was not the fashion then, as it is now, for ambassadors to wear swords."

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

THE BROKEN-DOWN RACER.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

I.

Fore, lonely steed, neglected and forlorn!
Congested in those knee nooks you once knew?
How darkened now the triumph of that morn
Which was the haste of thy younger day!

II.

Rough is thy coat, which once so sleek and soft
Shone in the sunlight of the people's praise;
Faint the gaunt limbs which whilom only quaffed
Spurred the best track with swift and nervous bound.

III.

Dim is the eye whose lightning-flash of old
Burst through the dust-cloud like a shooting-star
That the strident master's wrath, so tense and bold,
Smiled at the coming victory afar.

IV.

Pitchforks a victim of his wayward mood!
Thou, who hast been the pride of many a man,
Thou hast to-day again the keen, stern sight,
Which winged thy purpose in the days gone by.

V.

Again around thee spreads the vivid scene:
The sea of faces in the Grand Stand tiers;
The judges in their boxes; and the green,
Thronged with gay coaches dainty-wheeled and slim.

VI.

Hinged with thy memories at the starting-place,
Thou stampst the bit and hearst the cage
shout;
Such as the signal, resonant then spoke,
Fair to be foremost in the pressing rout.

VII.

Again thy sinews stretch like springs of steel—
Again thy heart with fierce ambition burns—
Again, hot-haste beneath thy surging hoof,
The quivering race-course like a torrent turns.

VIII.

The first mad rush—the pressing centre-point—
The halfway-hill—then, like a thunder-cloud,
Down the short home-stretch, frantic to the goal—
Victory amid the voice of the crowd!

IX.

Alas, poor steed! the world is cold to thee!
Those scenes lack the sustenance of cheer
Knee-deep and rich the partisans stood be
For him who was the idolized of fame.

X.

Death is thy rider: down the course of Time,
Ever with new characters, sad-and-gay, the Fair-
On this last race may memories of thy prime
Cheer to the close thy way-worn but lovable pair!

SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE.

FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

No. XXVIII.

By STEVANUS COBB, JR.

DESERTED!

On the morning of the tenth of November the British frigate *Hector* came to anchor in the Bay of Gibraltar, having come down the Mediterranean; and it soon became known among every officer that she was bound down the African coast on a cruise. During the afternoon a few of the frigate's men came on board our ship, and in the course of the conversation which ensued that the discipline on board their ship was not only rigid in the extreme, but that the captain was cruel and relentless. The seamen were strongly prejudiced for the men of their profession, and the petty officers, even, imbibed and manifested much of the spirit of their superiors. At Palermo, where the frigate had last stopped for water, Ralph Wells, the gunner of the crew, had deserted. Wells and I thanked our stars that our ship had been built much on such a craft.

Just as the Hector's boat was putting off from our side another officer came over in sight. This time it was a line-of-battle ship coming in from the Atlantic; and as soon as she was within easy hail another boat came ashore, and a dozen officers' lengths from where we lay. Another boat-load of men was hauled up by the starboard gangway, and Mr. McGregor, with two others, came down off to visit her. It was nearly dark when our officers returned, and as Eddy and I sat on the larboard side of the quarter-deck we plainly heard the report which they had to make.

The new-comer was the Britannia, Admiral's ship-of-the-line Winslow, just from England, and she had brought out quite a budget of letters, the portion of which for our ship would be sent on board in the morning. I had been delinquent till a lot of news from the home of those who had gathered around him; but with the particular interest in his recital I suggested to Eddy that we should go below and turn in. I had arisen from the match-tub upon which I had been seated, and was about to turn toward the gangway, when I heard something that arrested my attention.

"But the most important bit of intelligence I haven't told you yet," said Mr. McGregor. "We are likely to have a brush with our old enemy across the water."

"Eh?—Pray mean the Yankees?" asked Mr. Burtch.

"Yes. It seems they don't like our way of doing things, and they talk of fighting. I suppose there's no mistake but that they mean it. Brother Jonathan is spunky, and if he can't have his sleeves up, he'll fight surely. There's been no declaration of war yet; but that will be the boast the Windsor that the Yankee President, whom he has demanded assembles their congress next week will grant, and it is very easy to see where it must end. I am not at all surprised to hear of it, as my day was had been declared, for it matters stand as has been represented, I should be home sooner or later."

And then Mr. McGregor said that he should be sorry to be called upon to fight against the Americans, for he had relatives settled over in the United States, and, moreover, he could not help looking upon the American people as being one of the same general family with the English. But his companions did not sympathize with him in his sentiments. Most of them seemed to hate the Yankees, and were anxious for an opportunity to whip them into subjection. The lieutenant, however, did not stop to enter into any arguments upon his subject, but simply stated what he had heard, and expressed his opinion, and then turned all, and went down into the cabin; and shortly afterwards Eddy and I left the quarter-deck, and sat down upon the coil of the spare spars. For full ten minutes neither of us spoke; but my companion at length broke the silence.

"Beckett, what shall we do? Do you really think there will be war between England and America?"

I told him there could not help being war. It was only a question of time. Yankees were heaping more wrong and indignity upon our nation than it could bear. Not only was the flight of Scarsh permitted in, but British men-of-war made a regular practice of dragging American citizens from neutral ships when there was not the least shadow of a proof that they had ever been British subjects, but when all the proof went to show that they were born in America born and bred.

"But is so certain, Eddy, as it is certain that you and I are now on board this ship."

"Why, we must get out of this somehow, Beckett."

I proposed that we should turn in and sleep upon it; for I was not then prepared to suggest any plan of operation.

On the following morning two officers from the Hector came on board our ship to company with the Admiral; and I noticed that they held quite an earnest conversation with Mr. McGregor—for it will be understood that Captain Trevelyan was not on board. I began to fear that all was not right. Two or three times I caught our first lieutenant's eyes fixed upon me, and I could see that he avoided my gaze.

By and by all hands were called to muster upon the quarter-deck, and then it was formally informed us that twenty of our number were to be transferred on board the frigate. The names of those selected were read, and Eddy Cummings and myself were of the number. I cast an appealing look upon Mr. McGregor, and he turned away and called out the next name on the list. He took my hand, and said to me:

"Beckett, I cannot prevent it. I can only recommend you to the care and kindness of the officers of the Hector, and that will no doubt in your favor. Keep up a good heart, and do your duty in the time to come as you have done in the times past, and you will fare very well. I will help you all I can."

Of course he could not spend much time in the conversation with me, and I had learned as much of the rigidness of the service to ask him to hold me on board the frigate.

Half an hour afterwards, with heavy hearts, Eddy and I saw our bags and hammocks over-the side into the Hector's cutter, and we followed in the boat. We received many kind friendships on board the frigate, and it was like sending the very best-natured things that we separated from those whom we loved. Jack Miller, the captain of the forecastle in our watch, came and grasped me by the hand.

"Heaven bless ye, Beck. I'll be fervently sail." "I shall never forget the kind words you spoke without thinkin' of you."

Gorman did also. Rough in exterior, but with a heart as warm and true as ever beat in human breast.

And there were others. Even Old Billy, the signal-quartermaster, heard me as he held up my hand, and confessed that he didn't like to lose me. Only Mr. Burtch and Mr. Winslow were left when our names were called Eddy and I went over the side. I stopped a moment upon the planesheer, and took a look back upon the deck where I had been so long, and then we were down into the boat. Foreign to my birth-place though it was, the familiarity and kindness of the forecastle men put I felt it with many regrets, and a moisture gathered in my eyes as I thought that I should quit it for the last time.

We were soon under with the details of my introduction on board the Hector. Suffice it to say that I was not long in finding out that the captain did come with us, were first examined by the ship's corporal, who, in his turn, reported to the clerk, and then we were sent down upon the berth-deck, where the master-at-arms pointed out to us the hooks upon which we might swing our hammocks.

And in the afternoon of the fourteenth the Bristol got under weigh and stood out to sea in company with us, now for rounding Europe. Finally, two days more and we were out on board the ship.

"Eh, Beck., how's that?"

While on board the Bristol I should have felt myself entitled to Mr. McGregor's favor to have deserted; but I am under no such obligations here.

Eddy gave me his hand, and declared that he'd stand by me, or die in the attempt.

Eddy Cummings was older than I was—a man grown; and he had seen considerable more. He looked to me for guidance in matters requiring judgment, and I had been called upon to do so until now it was that I, a boy in years, should have gained a place in the confidence and respect of my senses; and I answered myself that I was not entitled to any consideration of the kind, but that my early experience had been of a kind calculated to develop my powers of thought at a moment. Without undue or unseasoning self-praise I may safely say that I was not long in finding and occupying the rank of able seamen who looked after the duties of the quarter-deck, and took care of the ship's boats.

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